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this number.



"SYMPATHY—THE PASSING TRIBUTE OF A SIGH," BY A. C. H. LUXMOORE.

DOUBT.

The flowers that bloom in summer-time,
Feed on the sun's bright ray,
And, all unconscious of their worth,
They bloom and pass away.
And so, unknown, doth thy power hold
My soul, dear one, to thee,
While I but wait to hear thy lips
Proclaim thou lovest me.

The bright bird winging to its nest
Doth cease its song on high,
And, filled with terror, swiftly speeds
To where its younglings cry.
And so my heart turns, cold and chill,
Oftimes, dear soul, to thee,
For fear thy lips will still refuse
To say thou lovest me.

The placid stream reflects the flowers
That bloom along its side,
Till one would deem their sweet perfume
Was mingled with its tide.
And thus upon my troubled life
Lies all that's fair in thee;
Oh! bring it peace for evermore,
And say thou lovest me.

"NO INTENTIONS."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was no affectation of pique or sentiment, or even a morbid sensibility, that made Irene desirous that her place of residence should be kept, for the present, a secret from her friends and relations. She was simply sick of the world, and the world's treatment of her; and felt as though she never should recover from this last shock unless she were left alone. She had tried so hard during her married life to do her duty, and win her husband's trust and confidence, that it was a bitter blow to find for her reward that he had not only suspected her virtue as no other man would have dared to do, but had left her for sole legacy a dishonored name. He, for whose sake she had trampled on the thorny love he believed her capable of cherishing, unmindful how much her shrinking flesh bled from the contact so long as she might carry her head erect, her conscience undefiled and pure. She did not realise the extent of the injury done to her fair fame until the grave had closed over the remains of Colonel Mordaunt. Until then her mind had been so much occupied with the grief his loss occasioned her, that it had had no time to dwell on the doubtful position in which she would be placed by the alteration of his will. But afterwards she saw it! She read it in Oliver's indignation, Isabella's pity, and Mrs. Quekett's ill-concealed delight. Notwithstanding the good intentions of her sister-in-law and step-son, it hurt her pride that they should press on her as a free-will offering that which should have been her own by right. She could appreciate their affection, but yet it stung her bitterly. She could not remain at Fen Court, where she had reigned supreme, and where the power to reign to her life's end would have been too small a return for the sacrifices she had made there, as a visitor or even as a friend. And then the child—whom she had learned to love so much for his own sake—whom she regarded as a sacred, though unconscious trust, from Eric—who was about the only creature left whom she could cling to—was she to part with him? Her name had been so cruelly associated with his, she could not keep him at Fen Court, nor even near it; nor should he be dependent on any one but herself or his own father for his maintenance: what alternative, then, remained to her (unless she separated from Tommy and meekly accepted the stigma cast upon them both) but to go away?

Irene was no humble spirited, long-suffering Griselda, quietly to accept the indignity that had been offered her: the very fact that her husband's suspicions were unfounded made her more determined to show the world she snapped her fingers at them, and nothing should induce her to part with the child of her adoption except Muiraven's wishes. She did not feel these things so keenly before the will was read. Her heart had been softened by her last interview with Philip. She had felt so much of his distress, that her own had been, for the while, lost sight of. But when she heard herself defamed, and knew that every servant in her employ was made aware that he had suspected her, her pride rose uppermost; the firmness and decision which had made her what she was came to the front, and had the retention of Tommy Brown blasted the remainder of her life, she would have so blasted it. She had a right to keep the child—she had adopted him with her husband's full consent, and no power on earth but one should part them. She went to Laburnum Cottage, intending there quietly to think over and settle her plans. But when she came to consider, she felt that as long as Oliver knew where to find her, he would never leave her in peace. He would follow, and argue, and plead, and pray, until perhaps he fairly worried her into acting against her own conscience; and to be left in peace was her most ardent desire. She wanted time, and repose, and quiet to enable her to look her future—her, blank, cheerless future—steadily in the face. For remember, that for

Irene still existed that mysterious, inexplicable barrier that had risen up, three years ago between Muiraven and herself, and she had but one hope concerning him—that he would permit her to retain the guardianship of his, as yet, unknown child. To compass the end she had in view Irene felt her destination must be kept a secret. Her only chance of recovery lay in spending a few quiet months, until the first bitterness of her despair was over, and she had fixed upon her future course of life. Mrs. Cavendish was most anxious she should take lodgings at Sydenham, or remain with her at Laburnum Cottage. So close to London, she might renew acquaintanceship with all her old friends; and then the Crystal Palace, such an advantage! But the prospect of vicinity to flower shows and cat shows, concerts, pantomimes, and conjurers, seemed to hold out no charms to our poor heroine. She remained, as her aunt herself expressed it, "as obstinate as a pig," and put in her final claim to the character by going up to town one day with her child and her luggage, and thence writing to inform Mrs. Cavendish that she had fixed on, and was about to proceed to, a distant place, where she hoped and intended to remain *perdue*, and free from the innovations of all well-meaning friends until she should have somewhat recovered from the sudden shock of her late bereavement. But she did not refuse to communicate with her relations, and many letters on the subject passed between them through the mediumship of Mr. Walsley.

It was strange how Cocklebury happened to become Irene's destination. She had thought of Winchester—indeed she had gone down to Winchester, hearing it to be a dull behind-the-world sort of old place, but had found the town fuller and more accessible than she anticipated, and passed on to a little village beyond. There she had experienced much difficulty in finding lodgings, and a certain landlady, in accounting for the rent of her apartments, mentioned they were in great demand. "For only yesterday, mum, a lady, as might be yourself, came over from Cocklebury, which is a good twenty-seven mile to the left of this, all in a flutter for rooms, and would have took these directly only two wasn't enough for her."

Cocklebury! the name seemed familiar to her—where had she heard it before? She could not tell, and yet it reverberated on her heart as though it held a place there. Doubtless she had heard it in some desultory conversation with Lord Muiraven, but the remembrance had died away. Only from that cursory mention of the fishing village grew out her final settlement there. She returned to Winchester and began to make inquiries concerning Cocklebury, and going to look at the desolate, retired little hole, found two tiny rooms to suit a quarterly balance of five-and-twenty pounds, and engaged them.

It was a dull, lowering autumn day when the young widow removed her boxes and her little boy to their new home. Who is it thinks the country charming all the year round? Many say so, but they belong chiefly to the unfortunate class whose health, business, or profit renders such a residence compulsory to them; and it is just as well to make the best of an incurable ill. But for those who are not thus compelled to dwell there! No one denies its advantages in fine weather, and no one can appreciate them like the man whose life is spent generally in the close atmosphere of town. There are moments when brain and body have been overworked, and speculations have failed, and the atmosphere reminds one of that fabulous Pandemonium where we should like to consign all who have disappointed us; when the thought only of cool green fields, and waving boughs, and murmuring brooks is enough to make us forswear brick walls, gas, hurry, dust, and lies for ever: but does it last? We rush to the green fields; we lounge beneath the waving boughs; we are deliciously lazy and useless, and altogether demoralised for a few days of complete inaction; and then the brain springs up again, the mind wants food, the fields pall, the trees pall, the waters pall; we demand men and women, and conversation: we are again sharpening the mental scythe with which we mow down our adversaries; and if it is beyond our power, or our principles, to rush back again pell mell into the arena of business and of work, we begin to hate the monotony we are unaccustomed to! But what of the country—that Paradise of City men—in autumn and in winter? what of the leafless boughs, the filthy muddy lanes, the barren gardens, the evenings spent, night after night, at home, with your next-door neighbor five miles away, and no resource but to read the papers till you go to sleep? A country house always feels cold and damp in winter. If it is a large one, it has long corridors full of draughts; and if it is small, it possesses horrid glass doors which open to the garden, through which one sees a panorama of sodden leaves that makes one shudder to look at. People in the country, too, get in the habit of leaving all the doors open in summer, and do not get out of it as completely as they should do in the severer season. Generally speaking, also, their chimneys smoke, and their passages are not half-lighted or warmed: and, altogether, give me a house in town. A cosy house at the West End—not too large, for size implies grandeur, and grandeur entails care; but well-carpeted, well-curtained, and sufficiently ornamental not to render it in commodious. A house where privacy and publicity are alike attainable—where each and every one is free to come or to go—where the only rules are one's own inclinations and the only rest a change of occupation.

Light it well, warm it thoroughly, maintain it with an income not large enough to render work unnecessary, fill it with the daily food required by the nineteenth-century intellect, place in it the people you love best—but no! I won't go on. Could I conjure up such a lot as that, I should never want to go to heaven!

Fancy such a house on a dark winter's evening: bright light, and warm, filled with the sound of wit and laughter, the voice of music, the deeper tones of argument; or, if such things are not forthcoming (and with continuity even their glory would depart), why, "Let's go to the theatre!"

A blessing upon blissful ignorance! If every one knew and felt these things as we do, who would live in the country? And it's quite impossible we can all live in town. I begin to wish I had not said anything about it.

Poor Irene felt it terribly when she first went down to Cocklebury. Imagine turning out of a place like Fen Court, where she had been enjoying an income of several thousands, to begin life anew on a hundred pounds a year, in two meagre little rooms in an ill-built cottage in the country! She had no heart left, poor girl, with which to bear it bravely, and she felt as downcast and humiliated as though she were really guilty of what she had been accused. Master Tommy, too, did not tend to lighten her burden at this particular moment. Children, as a rule, do not take kindly to any violent changes; and this young gentleman's character had developed in a marvellous way of late. He had no recollection left now of his mother nor the poverty in which he had been reared; but quite thought—if ever he thought at all—that he was Irene's child, and the luxuries of Fen Court had always been his own. He liked to sleep in his mamma's bed, and was proud that she should wash and dress him instead of Phoebe; but he grumbled dreadfully at the loss of his pleasures, and the inconveniences he was forced to undergo. "I don't like that ugly basin!" he would say, the first thing in the morning. "I won't be washed in it, mamma! It is like a servant's basin. I want the pretty one I used to have with the little roses on it. And why can't I have jam for breakfast now? Where is the jam we had at Priestley? why couldn't you bring it away with us, mamma? I don't like this new place. There is no garden here to run in, and no carriage, and the woman has no donkey—and when I asked her why she had no donkey, she said, if I wanted all those things, why did I come to Cocklebury?"

"Oh Tommy! you mustn't talk like that. What did you say to her?"

"I told her not to speak to me: that I'm a gentleman and the Master of the foxhounds, and I shall go back to the Court and get my donkey. Let us go back to-day, mamma! I don't like this nasty place; there are only cabages in the garden."

"My darling!" said Irene, as she took the child upon her lap, "you wouldn't like to go away from your mamma—would you?"

"No! You must come, too."

"I can't go, Tommy. I am never going back to the Court again, and my little boy must try to be happy here."

"Don't cry, mamma! I will be happy. I will get the little broom and sweep up all the crumbs. I like doing that much better than the donkey. And I will get your boots, and put them inside the fender, and then they will be warm when you go out walking. And I—I—I," continued the child, looking all round the room to see what he could do, "and I will do lots of things, mamma, if you won't cry." And then he would bring his mite of a pocket-handkerchief, and scrub her eyes until he had made her laugh in spite of herself, and think while this affection was spared to her she could never be entirely unhappy. But a hundred pounds a year is very, very little on which to keep two people—it is hardly enough to feed them. With clothing they were, of course, amply stocked; but Irene (who was anything but ignorant of the value of money) found it hard enough to provide herself and the child with the common necessities of life, even in such an out-of-the-way place as Cocklebury.

It was a wonderful little village, dedicated, apparently, to the nurture of old maids—who, one and all, called upon Mrs. Mordaunt and offered their assistance to her; but, though she was not ungracious, she declined all advances. She was not going to have it said afterwards by these virtuous maidens that she came amongst them upon false pretences; and if they had but known, etc., etc.

She could imagine, if any rumors of her unfortunate story reached their ears, how they would turn up their virginal noses at her and at poor little Tommy, and declare they had suspected it from the very first. So she kept to herself in those miserable little lodgings, and made them all the duller and less pleasant for the fact. She was devoted to the child—to his baby lessons and baby pleasures, and waited on him like a faithful nurse from morning until night. She knew that it could not be long now before Lord Muiraven returned to England; and then, if she kept to her resolution, she must inform him of his son's existence: but she still cherished the hope that he would not deprive her of him. She felt so desperate in her loneliness, that she meant to throw herself on his compassion, and entreat him not to take the boy away, but let her bring him up, as she had designed to do, and feel that she had something left still to render the future not all dark to her. And so she has been living for nearly four months when Muiraven lands at the "Coach and Horses," and despatches his messenger with the

intelligence that is to shatter all her hopes. It is a cold day in January: the air is keen and frosty, and the ponds about Cocklebury are frozen over. Irene has just come in from a long walk with her little man, who is very anxious—like all high-spirited children—to be allowed to go on the ice and slide; and she has been at some pains to explain to him how dangerous sliding is, and how some little boys tumble down and break their noses, and others tumble in and are drowned. But her dreadful stories do not appear to have much effect on Tommy.

"I wouldn't be drowned!" he says confidently. "I would get out of the hole again and run back as quick as I could to my mamma."

"And your mamma would give you a good whipping for being such a naughty boy," returns Irene, laughing, as she divests him of his comforter and warm coat. "No, Tommy, darling, I've got something much nicer for you than sliding on the ice. Guess what it is!"

"A pudding!" says Tommy.

"Yes! a pudding for dinner—a nice little round pudding stuck full of plums, all for yourself. Make and brush your hair and come eat it."

The child has already forgotten the luxuries of Fen Court, and is as eager and excited over the pudding "stuck full of plums" as though pudding had never been an everyday occurrence. And yet Irene had to think twice before she ordered it for him.

It is two o'clock, their dinner hour, and when the meat is removed, she sits by the fire and watches the young rosy-cheeked rebel gormandizing his pudding, and feels quite happy and content to do so. She has so identified herself of late with this child—so accommodated her conversation and ideas to his, and schooled herself to believe that there exists no one else in the world for her but him, that she is beginning to feel lonely when he is out of her sight. So she sits by, smiling whilst he eats and talks to her, when Muiraven's letter is put into her hand. The recognition of the writing makes her tremble; but when she has opened and read it, the news which it conveys makes her tremble still more.

She cannot believe it—Muiraven close at hand, ready to come at once and claim his child—his child, born in lawful wedlock, and heir to his titles and estates—her child, which under these circumstances she can never hope to be allowed to keep. Her child, who for the last two years she has brought up, and nourished as her own, and grown to love as she believes that she could never love another, to be taken away—to be reared, educated, and sent forth into the world without her having the right to offer even an opinion on the subject! She reads through the letter twice, and then she gets up, and walking blindly into the adjoining room, throws herself upon the bed in a paroxysm of despair.

Oh, it is too hard! it is too bitterly, cruelly hard that this too should come upon her! that, turn where she will, God will not leave one loophole by which she can escape from utter desolation! She is weary of it all—this continued struggle with misfortune—this fighting against Fate, which only results in bruises and heart sickness. She throws up the game—she will strive no more—she will never attempt to build up another affection for herself. Let him take this child and rear it as he will—the farther way, the better, for she will never trust herself to see him or to think of him again. He was hers, and he is Muiraven's. His father must accept the entire responsibility of him henceforth, for she cannot have nor share him—she must have him altogether, or not at all!

"Mamma—mamma! may I have the rest of the pudding?" The piping voice is close by her side, and the little hand is pulling sturdily at her petticoats.

She raises herself languidly and looks at him—at the dark blue eyes, the waving hair, the *tout ensemble* so like the man whose love has spoiled her life. But this is no longer the little outcast—the poor, nameless, base-born, child, whom, spite of evil tongues, she has so fondly cherished. It is the legitimate representative to one of the oldest earldoms in England that stands before her—the hope of a noble house—the legitimate son of the Right Honorable the Lord Viscount Muiraven—the—the—Honorable Thomas Keir.

At the thought, miserable as she is, she laughs. The Honorable Thomas is reassured.

"Mamma! I want more pudding. Your little Tommy-boy wants more pudding!" he repeats confidently, reading acquiescence in the nervous sound.

"You're not my little Tommy-boy," she comments bravely—but here, memory, like a dark wave, sweeps over her and blots out all her courage.

"Oh! I cannot—I cannot part with you!" she cries vehemently, and thereupon becomes horribly feminine and goes off into a burst of hysterics. The sobbing and the shrill laughter penetrate to the lower regions and brings up the landlady, with, to use her own expression, "her heart in her mouth."

"Lord sakes, my dear lady; and whatever is the matter? here's the poor young gentleman frightened out of his senses, and the messenger below stairs waiting for an answer, which, he says, he had orders to go back to the 'Coach and Horses' as soon as possible."

In a moment Irene is herself again.

"Oh! I am sorry—I am so grieved! I must have overwalked myself. Tommy, my darling, don't look so frightened; mamma is well again now. Go and eat your pudding, my child. And, Mrs. Wells, if you will come up again in—in—"

ten minutes, the letter shall be ready for the messenger."

She drags herself off the bed as she speaks, and dashes her face in cold water, and will not give herself time to think. She is ashamed of her weakness in breaking down before a servant and a child.

The Hon. Tommy, reinstated in his chair, and consuming the remainder of the pudding, as though nothing had happened to disturb his pleasure, affords her the leisure she requires once more to peruse Muiraven's letter. There is no question about what she must do; there is no option permitted her of judgment or of choice; she is simply required to give up the child to his rightful guardian, and whatever it costs her, he must go! But she cannot meet Muiraven. Every misery of her life is connected with this man; he may even have been told the stigma that rests upon her for his sake. She feels as if she should sink into the earth with shame as if she should see him. She is sore still and quivering from the effect of the constant shafts Fate loves to drive at her; her flesh and spirit alike recoil from the idea of discovering her misery to him—or receiving his sympathy and condolences. What good can his friendship do her? Each time they meet increases the pain of parting. It has pleased Providence to strip her of everything. Let it do its worst. She gives up love, friendship, all—thenceforward she will live and die—alone. So she sits down and pens the note which has been already given to my readers; which tells Muiraven that the child shall be sent to him, when and in what manner he may choose to intimate, but that she is as yet too little recovered from her late bereavement to permit of her receiving visitors.

Muiraven does not know what to make of her letter. He supposes that, having informed Irene that her adopted child is the result of an imprudent marriage between himself and the landlady's niece, and that he has but lately come to a knowledge of the truth, is sufficient of itself to convince her that this was the obstacle which prevented him from coming forward as a savior for her own hand. But the fact is our heroine had never associated that obstacle with the idea of any early entanglement, and was so occupied with the principal object of his letter, namely, his intention to reclaim the child, that she never guessed that Myra's death had broken down the barrier between them. She only remembered that the man who had assured her, six short months ago, that nothing short of the impossibility of their union would have made him behave as he had done, and who was likely to prove a far more dangerous friend in her present condition than he had been before, desired a personal interview with her in order to deprive her of her last pleasure, and she could not grant it him.

She could not stand face to face with Eric Keir (as in her heart she always termed him), and cover the desolation of her spirit with a smile. And so she would rather not look upon his face at all.

But he is an impetuous, energetic sort of fellow, whose patience does not rank amongst his highest virtues, and he can conceive no reason for Irene's reticence, except that she has ceased to care for him. Perhaps she never did care for him. Perhaps she mistook her feelings all along, and her real affections had, after all, been given to this immaculate Colonel Mordaunt, the remembrance of whose excellences, after four months' burial, was still so redolent of sanctity as to forbid her showing ordinary politeness to an old friend who had travelled so far to see her. At such a horrid time of the year, too! Added to being obliged to put up with all the *désagréments* of such a God-forsaken hovel as the "Coach and Horses."

Upon his word! what, in the way of sacrifice, does Mrs. Mordaunt require further? But women are so *exigentes*, the more you do for them the more they want. When he was beyond her reach she appeared all devotion to him; now that she can have him any day he supposes she will keep him philandering after her for ten years before she will make up her mind to take him or to leave him!

Why on earth can't he forget her and have done with it? Hasn't he had enough of women, that the moment he finds he has got out of one scrape with the sex, he must do his best to plunge into another?

So he says and so he swears, as he marches incontinently up and down the parlor of the "Coach and Horses," wearing out his temper and his shoe-leather to no avail.

At first he resolves he will go over to Cocklebury himself to-night, and try if he can see Irene, but, on second thoughts, he abandons the idea. After her note it would not be kind—it would hardly be gentlemanly to attempt to violate her privacy so soon. He will wait till tomorrow to storm the citadel in person. Meanwhile he goes to bed, sleeps but indifferently, and is up at a most unusual hour for him the next morning, making great havoc (notwithstanding his anxiety) in the breakfast his landlady has provided for him, before he turns out in the cold, frosty air and takes his way towards Cocklebury.

Irene, too, gets little rest that night. There is nothing like a sore heart or an anxious mind for keeping one awake. It beats green tea hollow. She had sat up till a late hour the evening before, looking over and arranging Tommy's wardrobe, and dropping hot tears upon each little article which she had ordered and planned, if not made with her own hands, before she laid it in the box which is to accompany him upon his journey. And when everything was ready for his departure she crept into bed and took

the rosy child into her arms, and watched until dawn, by the flickering night-light, the dark curly head of hair that rose and fell with the heaving of her bosom, only using her free hand every now and then to wipe away the tears that coursed down her face. Her restlessness, perhaps, or the instinctive knowledge that he is watched, makes Tommy wake early. She is generally the one to be roused by his imperative demands for stories or breakfast, and the first thing he does now, as consciousness returns to him, is to pat her cheek with his little hand.

"Mamma, Mamma! wake up and tell Tommy-boy about Elisha and the big bears."

But he is surprised to find on this occasion that his mamma does not require to have her eyes violently picked open before she complies with his request, but commences at once, in an unusually low and subdued voice, to relate all his favorite tales, and does not discontinue until the dark January morning has resolved itself into something like daylight, and the child becomes eager to get up and be dressed.

Irene would like to postpone the moment of rising; she feels, with a shudder, that this may be the last time she shall ever hold her adopted darling in her arms, but the young tyrant's orders are imperative, in fact, he won't lie still any longer.

"There are beautiful little ice trees all over the windows, mamma, and I made a nice warm house for three of my snails under a cabbage-leaf yesterday, and I want to see if they're happy and comfortable. Dress me quick, mamma, and let me go into the garden and look for my snails, and if they feel cold I shall bring them all in and warm them by the fire."

She rises languidly and puts a match to her fire, and washes and dresses Muiraven's child as if she had been his nursemaid. She, who was the belle of the London season, who has been the envied mistress of Fen Court, kneeling, shivering in her dressing-gown on that winter's morning, and waits as humbly as a hireling, as lovingly as a mother, on her lover's heir. She buttons up his boots, still muddy from the dirt of yesterday, and carefully wraps over the great-coat and the comforter upon his little chest. And then she takes his chubby cheeks between her hands and kisses them fervently over and over again, and lets him out of the sitting-room door with a caution to Mrs. Wells to see him safe into the garden, and goes back to her bedroom, and cries quietly to herself with her face buried in the pillow.

God only knows what it is for a mother to part with a child, whether hers by right or by adoption. We talk a great deal about the "divine passion," but there is no divinity in an affection based on selfishness; and Love, in its ordinary sense (that is, passion), has but one desire—to secure the object for itself. Whereas a mother knows from the commencement that she brings up her child for another. And it is that reason, perhaps, that makes maternal love so generous and expansive that, where it is true, it can afford to extend itself even to those whom its child holds dear. It is the only unselfish love the world can boast of. It is, therefore, the only passion that can claim a title to divinity.

Irene feels all this, even as she cries. She is miserable at the thought of parting with the child, but she would not advance one argument in her own favor that should deprive his father or himself of the enjoyment of their natural rights. She only hopes that, as it must be, it will be soon over, and herself put out of the misery of anticipation. She lies on her bed for some time, lost in thought, and then, hearing the clatter of cups and saucers in the adjoining room, starts up to find that it is nine o'clock, and she has not yet commenced to dress.

There is no particular hurry, however, and she makes a dawdling, untidy sort of toilette (women never care about their appearance when they are miserable), wondering the while how soon Muiraven's messenger will return with the answer to her letter. When she enters the sitting-room the breakfast has been laid and the little black kettle is boiling over on the fire. She makes the tea, and glances indifferently at the time. A quarter to ten! She had no idea it was so late. How cold and hungry her child will be!

She throws open the door at once, and advancing to the head of the stairs, calls—

"Tommy!—Tommy!" in a loud voice; but no one answers her.

"Tommy, darling!" she repeats; "breakfast is ready. Make haste, and come in." Still there is no reply. He must be digging at the bottom of the long slip of uncultivated ground he calls the garden.

Irene walks downstairs, and stands at the open back door, with the cold, frosty air playing about the long rippling hair that lies upon her shoulders. "Tommy, I want you. Come and have your breakfast," she repeats; but the child is neither to be seen nor heard.

"Mrs. Wells!" from the top of the kitchen stairs, "is Master Tommy with you?"

"Bless you, no, ma'am. Ain't he a-gamboling at the back?"

"I can't see him anywhere."

"I'm sure he was there half an hour ago."

"He must have run down the road. How naughty of him! What shall I do?"

"I'll send my Charlie after him, ma'am. He'll bring him 'ome in no time. Here, Charlie, jest you get up, and go after the young gentleman, and bring him back to his breakfast. Now, look sharp, will you?"

"All right! Which way be I to go?"

"Why, both ways, in course. Go down to the village first. I daresay he's run off to the sweet-shop. He said he'd a mind to yesterday."

"How tiresome of him!" says Irene, but without any alarm. (What harm could come to a sturdy fellow like Tommy on a broad country road?) "I'm sorry to give you the trouble, Mrs. Wells; but he really is such a child!"

"You'll have your two hands full with him before another twelve-month's over, ma'am; and that's the truth," replies the woman, good-temperedly; and Irene's face blanches as she walks back to the sitting-room, and remembers that before twelve hours are over she will probably have nothing more to do with her troublesome little darling.

Lord Muiraven finds the walk to Cocklebury pleasanter than he anticipated. There is something so exhilarating in the air of a keen frosty morning that our troubles are apt to appear smaller or more bearable beneath its influence; and as he traverses the short distance that lies between him and Irene the probability of seeing her again is of itself sufficient to make the world look brighter to him. He recalls their early affection, and the interviews they had at Fen Court, and being gifted with as much capability of self-appreciation as the generality of his sex, feels almost confident of his power to overcome, by argument or persuasion, whatever scruples may have dictated her last letter to him. The leafless hedges on either side the road are garnished with hoar frost, the ground beneath his feet springs crisp and cheerily; and as Muiraven, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar between his teeth, strides quickly along, he is in Cocklebury before he knows it. On the outskirts of the village lie several farmhouses, with their surrounding meadows—in one of which, close to the road, is a large pond, just frozen over with a two days' frost.

"Halloa!" he thinks, as his eye falls upon it; "that looks well. Another couple such nights as the last, and it will bear. By Jove, though, that won't do;"—and coming suddenly to a stand-still, he regards something over the hedge. The object that has attracted his attention is the figure of a child, none other, indeed, than the recreant Tommy, who, having escaped from the cabbage-garden and the snails, has been thought him of revisiting the pond which excited his envy so much the day before. On he plods sturdily through the wet grass, with foot-steps evidently bent on trying the treacherous ice. Muiraven for the first moment sees only a child in danger of a ducking, and calls out a loud warning from where he stands; and his voice, although unheeded, has the effect of making Tommy raise his head before he steps upon the ice. As he does so he is recognised.

The fearless, saucy little face, the wide-open eyes, the curling hair, no less than the high-bred air of the child, and the manner in which he is attired, all combine to make Muiraven recognise his son, and as he does so, and realises his probable danger, an anxious dread which has never had covert there before rises up in his heart and makes him feel that he is a father. Without a moment's hesitation, he leaps over the field gate, and runs through the grass to save the child. But Tommy is not to be outdone. He sees that he is pursued, guesses his sport is to be spoilt, and with all the energy that has characterised the Norham blood for so many generations past, determines that he will not be punished for nothing. One slide he will have first—one delicious, dangerous slide, as he has seen the boys of the village take down the frozen gutters; so, running defiantly on to the forbidden playground, he sets his daring little legs as wide apart as possible, and goes gallantly down the pond. Only for about a hundred yards, however, when, meeting with some obstacle, his equilibrium is disturbed, he tumbles head over heels, and in another moment is floundering amongst the broken ice. Muiraven arrived at the brink of the pond, with all the haste he can, walks straight in after him, crushing and dispersing the ice right and left as he goes.

The water is not deep, and the child is easily recovered, but as Muiraven brings him to the bank he is frightened to perceive he does not stir.

His eyes are closed, his mouth is half open, and from a cut across his forehead the blood is trickling down his face in a thin red stream.

The father's heart stands still.

What is the matter? What on earth should have occasioned this? Can he be dead?

He folds the boy closer in his arms as the horrible thought strikes him, and hurries onwards to the village. The dripping state of Tommy's clothes and his own nether garments, wet to the waistband, excite the curiosity of the Cockleburians, and he is soon surrounded by a little crowd of men and women all ready and anxious to direct him to Irene's lodgings.

"Is there a doctor here?" he demands hurriedly.

"Bless you, no, sir. We've no parish doctor nearer than the town; and he only comes over Mondays and Thursdays."

"Run on, then—any of you—as quick as you can to Mrs. Mordaunt, and tell her to have hot water and blankets ready for the child."

In his anxiety for Tommy's well-doing, Muiraven does not consider the agony with which his intelligence will be received by Irene, and half a dozen villagers, eager for a reward, tear helter-skelter into Mr. Wells's presence, to tell her "the young gentleman's been drowned, and she's to get a hot bath ready to put him in."

Irene, who is getting fidgety about the child's continued absence, is standing in the staircase when the message is delivered. It strikes upon her heart like a bolt of ice.

"What!" she says in a voice of horror. "What?"

"Oh, my dear lady, don't take on!" exclaims Mrs. Wells, wringing her hands and "taking on" herself as much as is possible on so short a notice; "but the poor dear child has got hisself in the pond, and they're a-bringing him 'ome to you. Lord a' mercy! but here they are!"

Irene does not scream—she does not even speak; but all the color forsakes her face as she stands there for a moment, with her hand pressed on her heart, as though, till that chooses to go on again, she could neither think nor act. Then she makes one or two feeble steps forwards to meet Muiraven, who comes quickly up the narrow, creaking stair case with the boy in his arms.

"Give—give—" she says faintly, as she encounters him, and, without a word of explanation, she presses his unconscious burden to her breast.

She carries it, slowly but firmly, to the light, and then sinks down upon the floor in a kneeling posture, with the child stretched across her knees.

"Oh, my lamb!—my own lamb!" she cries, in a voice of anguish that might pierce the heavens, "no one has the power to take you from me now!"

And Muiraven, standing by her, hears the words.

"Mamma," says Tommy languidly, as though in answer to her appeal—"don't cry, mamma."

Irene stares at the child. His eyes are open—a faint color is returning to his lips—he is once more conscious. She screams with joy.

"He is not dead!" with rapid utterance.

"Who said that he was drowned? Look!—he smiles—he speaks to me. Oh! my child—my baby—my own darling! God could not have had the heart to take you away."

And thereupon she rocks him backwards and forwards violently in her arms, and cries a plentiful shower of tears above him that relieve her excited brain.

"Lor' bless you, my dear lady," says the sympathising Mrs. Wells, "the dear young gentleman's no more drowned than I am! See how he's a-trying to raise hisself, the pretty dear. Let me take him from you, ma'am. He must a deal to heavy for your arms."

"Let me place him in the bed," says Muiraven gently.

"No! no! I am quite able to carry him," she answers, staggering to her feet. "Mrs. Wells, let me have the hot bath at once, or he may take a chill. Make up the fire, Susan, and boll his bread and milk. And mamma will undress you, Tommy," she continues, in soft, cooing accents to the child. "Mamma will take all these wet clothes off her little Tommy-boy, and put him in a nice warm bed, and tell him stories all day long. Oh, my love! my baby!—what should I have done if I had lost you!"

And so murmuring, she passes with her burden from Muiraven's view into the adjoining apartment, whence he is made cognizant, without partaking of the nursery mysteries that ensue, and result in Master Tommy being tucked up very dry and warm and comfortable in bed, and apparently without any more injury than is conveyed by a strip of diachylon plaster across his forehead.

It is nearly an hour before Irene appears again, and Muiraven cannot help thinking she has made her absence longer than was necessary. As she enters the sitting room she looks pale, harassed, and weary. All her fire has departed, to be replaced by a nervous tremor that will hardly permit her to look him in the face. He meets her, holding out his hand.

"At last, I suppose I may say, Mrs. Mordaunt, that I hope I see you well."

"I am afraid I must have appeared very rude," she stammers; "but the shock—the fright of this accident—"

"Pray don't think it necessary to apologize. I can make every allowance for your forgetfulness. It is fortunate I was on the spot."

"Then it was you! I have heard nothing, remember. I have had no time even to inquire."

"Oh, it was undoubtedly me. I was taking a constitutional along the Cocklebury high road this morning, when I came upon the young rebel about to make an experiment in sliding. I shouted to him to stop; but it was no use. He would have his own way, so I had to go after him. It's lucky the water was not very deep nor the ice very strong, or I might not have fished him out in time. As it was, breaking the ice head foremost stunned him; and had there not been help at hand, I don't suppose you would have seen the young gentleman again."

He speaks indifferently, as though the matter were not of much consequence to either of them; but she is trembling all over with gratitude.

"Oh how can I thank you sufficiently!—how can I say all I feel at the child's recovery! I shall never forget it as long as I live." Then she remembers that the boy is his, and not hers, and blushed at what may seem presumption.

"You must be very thankful too," she adds timidly.

"Oh, of course—of course," he says, turning away.

He is so bitterly disappointed at her reception of him. It seems as though she had forgotten everything that has ever taken place between them. But it is coming back upon her now only too vividly.

"I—I have not offered you anything, Lord Muiraven," she says, glancing at the teapot and the toast-rack. "Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes thanks."

"Won't you take another cup of tea or a glass of wine?"

"I don't care for wine so early; but, if I might venture to ask—if you have such a thing in the house as a little brandy?"

His teeth chatter as he speaks. She looks up quickly.

"Are you not well?"

"I feel slightly chilled—rather damp about the extremities, in fact."

She glances at his habiliments, and sees with horror that his trousers are soaked through up to the waist.

"Good heavens! Lord Muiraven. How did that happen? Did you—you—fall in too?"

"Not exactly; but you can hardly expect a man to fish a child out of four feet of iced water and keep warm and dry at the same time."

"And I never thought to ask if you required anything!"

Her face turns red with shame, and with a deeper feeling, that is half self-reproach and half anxiety lest he should come to harm through her neglect.

"Oh, never mind me," he answers laconically. "I shall do well enough; and I didn't expect that you would think about it."

"Lord Muiraven, please don't say that. What can I do for you now? You ought not to remain in those wet clothes. I know it is very dangerous. Shall I send a man to the 'Coach and Horses' for a change?"

"No, thank you. I think I'd better walk back myself. If you will give me a glass of brandy—"

But he is shivering as he speaks. She flies to the bell all excitement and eagerness again, and orders the servant to bring what he desires.

"But that is not sufficient!" she exclaims as he drinks the brandy—"I am sure that is not sufficient. And I am so helpless to do more for you. Lord Muiraven, do go home! It seems inhospitable to say so; but I am sure it will be the safest thing to do. Go and get dry clothes on you at once—oh! how you are trembling!—and go to bed, or do anything that is necessary. You should take care of yourself for—for—everybody's sake."

He turns and looks at her.

"If I go, may I come again?"

"For the child?"—nervously. "Oh yes, of course; but he had better wait until to-morrow now, has he not?"

"I should not think of moving him to-day. Till to-morrow, certainly; and perhaps I shall see you before then. Good-morning."

He walks downstairs almost abruptly, and leaves her to herself. As soon as she is gone she sits down and drinks her tea, and feels as though she had but just awakened from some fearful midnight dream to find that it was morning.

Tommy sleeps quietly for half the day, and is miraculously good the other half. The cut upon his forehead has made his head ache, and he is disinclined for anything but to lie still and hear Irene read to him; and when he is wearied of that, and closes his eyes in sleep, she sits beside him offering up thanks to heaven for his preservation, and thinking, not without some qualms of self-reproach, of the man whose claims to sympathy she had almost ignored in her alarm about his son, but who is nevertheless, though she will not acknowledge it, ten thousand times dearer to her than Tommy can ever hope to be. As she sits in the darkened room recalling his features and the sad air with which he greeted her, her heart pleads for him and for herself; and she speaks his name in a fond, low whisper, whilst she entreates him not to think hardly of her reception of him. "If you only knew, Eric!—if you only knew!" she keeps on repeating, until her fancied colloquy resolves itself into tears.

In the evening, when Tommy has finished his tea, sitting wrapped up in a shawl upon her knee by the drawing-room fire, and has been carried back to bed again, her heart leaps to hear Muiraven's step upon the stairs. "How foolish of me," she thinks, as she bolts into the bedroom to recover herself, "when we shall never, never be anything but friends." "Oh, Eric! Oh, my love!" And then she falls to kissing Tommy till she nearly wakes him up again.

"Mrs. Mordaunt!" says Muiraven through the half-closed door.

"I am coming, Lord Muiraven!" And in a minute she appears before him. "I hope you have taken no harm from your immersion this morning. I have been reproaching myself for my carelessness ever since; but I never thought that you were wet."

"Pray don't think about it again. I am all right. How is the boy?"

"Quite well, thank you. He is asleep. Would you like to see him?" She leads the way into the next room, and they stand beside the bed together looking at the sleeping child. Presently Muiraven stoops down, and kisses him upon the forehead.

"Poor little chap!" he says softly.

"Lucky little chap, you mean, replies Irene, speaking far more cheerfully than she feels.

"To have you to love him and look after him. Yes."

"He will not have that long. By the way, Lord Muiraven," as they return to the sitting-room, "please tell me—I would rather know at once—are you going to take him away to-morrow or the next day?"

"I don't want to take him away at all."

"But under the circumstances, considering that he is—"

"Do you love him very much, Irene?"

"Oh, Lord Muiraven, you need not ask me

that! You know—you must know—" Tears prevent her finishing the sentence.

"Then keep the child. I have no wish to part you."

She looks up in astonishment with sweet, wet eyes that make him tremble with eagerness to hold her in his arms; but he only moves his chair a little nearer to her own.

"Keep him! But how can I, knowing he is your lawful son? It could not be for long, you see; in a very few years his education, his welfare, his station in life, everything would combine to part us; and I—forgive me for saying so—but I have had so many partings, I feel as if I could not undergo another. No; it is best it should be as you first intended. He is your heir. Take him away, and rear him to be a comfort to you. I have no longer lot nor part in him."

"Irene! Irene! I cannot bear these tears."

"I am very weak to let them flow. I didn't mean it; but you know how hard it is for a woman to restrain them. Don't let us discuss the matter any more. His clothes are all packed and ready to go, and I—I am ready to resign him."

"You love him almost as well as if you were his mother."

"I think almost as well."

"You have kept and looked after him for two long years, during which without your care he might have died; and do you think that I will part you now? Never! Irene, you have acted as a mother towards my child. Don't give him up. Be his real mother now."

He has come quite close to her, and got possession of her hand; but the face she turns to his is pained with doubt and misconception.

"Eric, what do you mean?"

"I mean that the barrier that has spoiled both our lives is broken down Irene; that you and I are free to love."

"Good God!"

"Have you not guessed it? Did you not understand that the obstacle that kept me years ago from asking you to be my wife was this same marriage tie which was broken, but not disannulled; which from shame I had kept a secret from the world and my own father, and dared not divulge even to yourself? And can you wonder, after what has passed between us, that, finding myself once more free, you find me here?"

He has clasped both arms around her waist, and flung himself upon the ground before her; and she has placed her hands upon his hair, and, with blurred and misty sight, is gazing blindly in the depths of the violet eyes that are fixed so passionately upon her own.

"Irene, my darling, my angel, answer me. Are you to be mine?"

"Yours?" she says dreamingly.

"Yes, mine—my wife—my very own for ever! Think of the years I have been waiting for this happiness, and don't keep me in suspense."

But she startles him by suddenly leaping from her chair like one possessed.

"Oh, I never thought! I never dreamt," she says rapidly, in a kind of feverish delirium, "that it was that that separated us. Tommy, Tommy, my baby, we shall never part again!" and thereupon she leaves her lover standing by himself, and, running to the next room, falls weeping on his child.

Muiraven, with a comical look of disappointment on his face, follows and stands beside her.

"I've not had an answer to my question," he says presently.

She turns in all her frank, glowing womanhood, and throws herself into his arms.

"Oh, Eric!" she sighs contentedly, "what need of answer? Why have I loved this child?"

Now I should like to leave my tale just where it is, and my hero and heroine just where they are, for since anticipation is invariably better than reality, I am sure they have reached their climax of happiness. But there are other people connected with their story, in whom perhaps some interest may have been awakened, and therefore I will throw myself into the highest condition (all novelists are clair-voyants), and tell you what I see happening in a year to come.

Oliver Mordaunt is living at Fen Court with his aunt Isabella, and they really get on wonderfully together. Since Irene has lived at Berwick Castle he has conquered his antipathy to holding Colonel Mordaunt's property; yet he declares that he shall never marry, but leave it to her eldest son. *Nous verrons*. Doubtless it is not the first vow that Fen Court has seen registered and broken. One thing is certain, however, Mrs. Quekett's baneful presence will darken its wall no more. The housekeeper is still living upon her dear Lady Baldwin, and other fashionable patronesses, of whose secrets she has become possessed, and will not let them forget the circumstance. Painful as the revelation of his birth proved to him, Oliver would not take back his former ignorance, were it to be coupled with a servant's tyranny. He has laid that ghost, once and for ever, for the Leicestershire Mordaunts.

Joel Cray is married, and the possessor of a very neat little farm on the outskirts of Priestley, where his mother and her family live with him. His love for his cousin was true enough whilst it lasted; but, with the discovery that she had not been more wronged than her husband, some of his chivalry died out. Does that fact lower him in the opinion of my readers? He had a large and generous heart—why should its affections be all wasted on the

dead, whilst the living lived to benefit by them?

It did not take long to secure Lord Norham's forgiveness for his son's delinquency, and he welcomed Irene with all the affection of a father, and the pride of a nobleman who rejoices in the prospect of seeing his ancient line carried on by a woman who would adorn any station in life.

The Honorable Tommy, much spoilt, passes his life with his grandfather at Berwick Castle; but Lord and Lady Muiraven spend much of their time in London, or in visiting their friends and relations, making up, in fact, for the long and weary widowhood during which they were divided.

Are they happy?

Ah! my friends, is anybody happy in this world? Don't try to peer too closely into Irene's second married life, lest you should be disappointed. You expect so much for your characters of fiction—so little (if you are reasonable) for yourselves. She loves her husband as devotedly as it is possible for one human being to love another—she would not have him in any particular different from what he is—she could not imagine the horror of having her life separated from his own. And yet—

And yet (if there have not already been) I have no doubt there often will be times when she will wonder how she could have made herself so utterly miserable without him. The fact is, no creature in the world is worth the misery of another creature's life. We pine for them, we rave after them, we strain every muscle—sometimes we commit every sin to attain them—and when the gold lies in our hand, it turns to ashes and dead leaves.

Ah! mortals, take love when it comes to you—thankfully—adoringly, if you will; but never sin to grasp it.

The only love which satisfies in the attainment (and in this last sentence lies the whole moral of my story) is the Love in Whose Presence sin must not be named.

THE END.

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

"Love is enough," said Cicely Guile, and she shut the book. She did not look at either of the two men who were gazing at her with two sorts of curiosity.

Charles Leland, with his forty years, his faultless manners and well-preserved heart, studied her as if she were a picture, from the tip of the small bronze boot to the crowning braid of pale blonde hair, and said to himself, in the face of his worldly wisdom:

"Was there ever so beautiful an adventuress?"

Maurice Ware had no worldly wisdom. He had only his young, knightly heart, his college lore, and his aspirations. Cicely Guile was a divinity to him. He contemplated her, sitting there in the quaint carved chair, with her lustrous, dark-toned dress sweeping about her, a length of dainty lace gathered about her fair throat and supple wrists, her colorless skin and soft gray eyes, and wealth of ashy-gold hair wound in careless braids around her head, and said to himself that

"A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this—
To waste his whole life in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

But Maurice Ware was far enough at present from Cicely's lips, and probably destined to remain so. Meanwhile he might shrivel up some of his fresh heart-fancies in the blaze of her beauty. He reached his hand for the poem as she repeated the title, and the moody gloom that had settled about his mouth while she was talking with Charles Leland disappeared in a smile.

Charles Leland rose and left the two alone—the same, that is, as alone—in the dim corner of the library, where they sat in the shadow of the booklined walls, with the tall embroidered screen between them and the ruddy firelight, within which Madame Guile sat, clicking her gleaming needles in and out the strands of scarlet wool.

"Sit down, Mr. Leland," she said as that gentleman approached her, "sit down. I don't see very much of the company I entertain since Miss Guile's arrival."

"My dear madam, Miss Guile has taken us all by storm. We shall recover in time, and to our allegiance." And the speaker made a courtly bow.

"I daresay. When her coach turns into a pumpkin and her footmen into lizards—eh?" And the old woman laughed maliciously.

"Cinderella will have her little glass slippers, even if the rest of her state melts away," replied the guest, with wary gallantry.

"Ha, ha! Even if—Well, sir, it will melt. So don't you trust it. When my hour strikes, Cicely Guile may run off with her lizards and mice."

"Some lucky prince will run off with Cicely long before that, Madam Guile."

"Well, I don't know. I heard her bold speech—'Love is enough'—to you just now. Girls did not make such speeches when I was young."

"Love will have to be enough for the young lady, Madam Guile, if you mean to disinherit her."

Charles Leland took care not to let any anxiety which he possibly felt upon this subject infect his voice.

"Disinherit? I never inherited her yet. What is she to me? I have a son of my own to inherit the Guile estates. What is she to me?"

"She is your great niece, I believe, Madam Guile, and your protégée, and an exquisite creature to boot."

"She's all that, of course. But what good does she do me? I thought she was coming here to talk and read to me. Instead of that I have got a minx on my hands who drags me about to balls and uses up my grandmother's lace and fills my house with fortune hunters. Ah, yes, a beautiful speculation I made when I unearthed Miss Guile."

"For all that, acknowledge how much you enjoy her and admire her."

"I do neither. I don't approve of girls who tell men that 'love is enough.'"

"I think Miss Guile's love might content any one lucky enough to win it."

"Ha, ha! you want the pumpkin coach and the lizard coachman, eh? Well, I tell you I'll not leave her so much as the gold powder she puts in her hair. I'll have my boy back. Yes, if I have to go alone and rescue him from those frozen wastes with my own old hands."

"Dear Madam Guile, you know how we all feel about Eric's fate; you know that neither money nor devotion would be lacking to restore him. But do not be unjust to your niece. It is not like you."

"You are very good at special pleading, sir. Pray go on. Has the young lady appointed you to argue her case with me?"

"Miss Guile has accorded me no privileges. And I perceive that I do not possess even those of Madam Guile's old friend."

Rising from his seat, and towering above the tall embroidered screen, he saw Cicely leaning back in her chair still, with her dainty blue-veined hands crossed against the dark silk, her eyes half shut, listening to Maurice Ware.

"Liberties differ from privileges," said Madam Guile rising also with the aid of her gold-topped cane. "Gentlemen, I bid you good evening. Cicely, if your friends will excuse you?"

"They will undoubtedly, aunt, if you need me," and Cicely, with her stately height and sweeping silks, came slowly forward and offered her arm to her relative.

Charles Leland smiled his adieux. "She does not know that she stands no chance for the old woman's money," was his mental comment. He was mistaken.

The two men walked away together.

"If Madam Guile were not in the habit of doing precisely what she had declared she should not do, I should accuse her of being both unjust and ungenerous towards Miss Cicely," Charles Leland remarked.

Maurice Ware started. He had no idea of what his companion was talking about.

"She has just assured me that she did not intend to leave the young lady a shilling of all her vast estates."

"Ah! has Madam Guile vast estates then?"

"My dear boy, do people indulge in costly carpets and rare old China and roll about in their carriages unless they have?"

"I suppose not. I had not considered."

"So I thought. There is still time, however. You have only known la belle Cicely a week."

"Is it only a week?"

"That is all. I am good at keeping dates. She has only been with her relative a month. I hope it will be for the best that she was brought from her career of obscurity to administer to the old woman."

"Obscurity?"

"Poor Maurice! So blinded that you have not even made an inquiry. Well, I will enlighten you. Madam Guile—the old sinner—had one son. Just such a son, I doubt not, as she deserved, but, at any rate, a scapegrace. Five years ago he went off on an Arctic expedition, and has never been heard of since. I don't think his mother's grief added to her wrinkles, but still she was lonesome, and by dint of search she discovered one remaining scion of her race, a scion of the wrong sex, unfortunately, but still a Guile, and with much flourish of trumpets she brought her forward out of poverty and obscurity and set her upon the pinnacle of her favor. Of course I mean Cicely, and until tonight I have had no doubts that, in default of Eric's restoration, which everybody hopes will never occur, she was to be the old lady's heiress."

Maurice sighed.

"Well, she doesn't need money."

"On the contrary, I think she needs it very much. And, my dear boy, I think she means to have it. It isn't girls like Cicely Guile to whom 'love is enough.'"

Madam Guile had retired within her state bedstead with its elder-down coverlets and heavy hangings. Her petulant exactions were at an end for that day, and Cicely thought she was free. But her aunt recalled her as she was slipping away.

"There seems to be some notion, Miss Guile, that you are to be my heiress. Allow me to request you to deny all such imputations."

"Aunt!"

"There, there! I am never to be answered at bedtime. What I wish to say is that it has occurred to me that when you find yourself cut off with a shilling you or some of your advisers will be bringing in claims for your services against estate. D'you hear?"

The old woman had raised herself in the bed. Her wrinkled face, set amid the frills of her cap, was white with rage.

Cicely had the rare gift of keeping still. She stood absolutely still now, in the doorway, and bore the insulting words. Her aunt continued:

"To forestall this I intend to pay you wages for keeping yourself dressed like a French doll, idling in easy chairs, and making your bold speeches to the men that run after you. I shall pay you ten pounds a month, and you shall give me a receipt in full—do you hear?"

Cicely bowed her fair head.

"You are very kind, aunt. The money—"

"There, don't answer me. I am going to give you the money. Come here. Raise the valance. You see a chest. Draw it out."

Cicely obeyed with an effort. The chest, although on rollers, was prodigiously heavy. Madam Guile took from her neck a slender chain, to which was fastened a key.

"Turn the lock," she said.

Cicely obeyed. She lifted the lid, and saw a rare display of treasure. There were parures of precious stones, miniatures set in flashing rims, fans crusted with brilliants. The value of the contents of the chest was almost incalculable.

"Why, aunt," she involuntarily exclaimed, "aren't you afraid of being robbed?"

"No, miss, not unless you rob me. Lift the tray. Ten of these belong to you. Let me see you count them. There, lock the chest. Give me the key. Go to the desk and write a receipt in full to date, for services rendered. Great services!"

Cicely reached her chamber with her money. She was almost breathless with excitement.

"Oh, precious gold! Can words tell what you are worth to me?"

She stooped to the window, and looked out. It was a clear, bright night.

"I must carry it at once," she murmured, "and relieve myself of my suspense. Who knows what he may have suffered through all these weeks?"

She was loosening her trailing dress and taking off her ornaments with nervous haste. Every other minute she stopped to listen. When she had completely disguised herself in a dark dress, a long cloak, a hood and veil, she cautiously opened her door and listened again. The house was dark and silent. Shading her candle, she stole down the back stairs. An unwary step made them creak once. Cicely's heart stopped beating.

"If she should see me now!" she gasped. Her limbs shook under her. "It is too frightful a risk," and beads of perspiration started from her pores.

But no one was aroused. The silence of the great house was like that of sepulchre. Cicely stole onward. She had taken note of doors and fastenings, and knew her point of egress—a basement door, secured by a simple lock and a ponderous chain. With noiseless fingers she undid the chain and left it hanging. The key was in her hand, her hand upon the knob, and the candle extinguished, when something brushed against her. She had forgotten the watchdog.

"Down, Bob!" she said, sternly.

The dog, reassured, wagged his tail, and pressed close to her side.

"Down, sir!" she entreated, and she attempted to crowd through the partially opened door, leaving him behind.

A low, determined growl showed her the attempt was vain. Bob and she would have to go together, or not at all.

"Come, then," she said to him.

He paused suspiciously a moment, which seemed to Cicely like a century, and then pursued rather than followed her, with a vigilant look in his terrible eyes.

Cicely, with her undesired escort, went on her way rapidly until she reached a distant, narrow street, then, traversing it she stopped at a dimly lighted house. Evidently the way was familiar, for she entered without ringing. She passed through the passage, up two flights of broad stairs, in almost breathless haste, and with a light tap entered a room, well-lighted and furnished, filled with tobacco smoke, disorderly and comfortable. The only occupant was a young man, who lay in a dressing-gown upon a couch, smoking and reading. He turned coolly towards the intruders.

"Really, Miss Guile, this is an unexpected pleasure," he said, with irony.

"Eric, I give you my sacred word that I could come no sooner; that until to-night I have not had one shilling in my possession since I entered your mother's house."

"Ah! Then you have money now?"

"Yes; ten pounds. She is to pay me that every month."

"Magnificent! What does she do with her thousands?"

"She does, I presume, what she likes with her own."

"Ah! you are getting on with her famously, I should judge."

"I am not very happy, Eric. I regret my compact with you every day. I go about and get a great deal of attention and that. But the sense of deceit weighs upon me."

"Bother! Why don't you get more money?"

"I cannot. Come forward and claim your own."

"Likely talk—to a felon. You seem to forget that my incognito is not a pure matter of fancy."

"Oh, Eric, with such opportunities and prospects how did you ever go astray?"

"Well, I suppose for vanity. Madam Guile is such a screw. What does she say of me?"

"She talks of going in search of you; she speaks of you with great affection."

"Good! If I keep out of her way I shall be her heir. If I am not, Cicely, look out for arsenic in your coffee."

"Your mother has no idea of leaving her money to me. She has expressly told me so."

And you need not threaten me, Eric, when I am enduring a sort of servitude for your exclusive benefit and by your entreaty. Have you suffered for money?"

"No; my opium holds out. As to your servitude, Cicely, that is a good joke. I saw you looting in your opera-box with Charles Leland holding your fan. I was at the tableau party—as one of the decorators, mind—and saw you do Iphigenia. I saw the exotics left at the door for Miss Guile, and here is a list of your partners at Tuesday's ball. Not quite so strict a servitude as teaching in a public school, eh, Miss Guile?"

"I was independent there, and innocent of the fraud I am perpetrating now."

"Good; you show how you are suffering. Sentiment aside, Cicely, let us give up trying which can hit the hardest. You are getting a good chance. You will marry according to your beauty and your blood, which you never could have done if I had not put you in the way. For my part, I am willing to acknowledge that I owe you an obligation as great as what I can confer. You shielded and disguised me when I was in danger, and now, as I understand, you propose to furnish me with ten pounds per month, for which I can only say, small favors thankfully received. By the way, what did you bring that brute for—protection?"

Bob, finding himself addressed, gave a low growl. He had remained standing, with ears and tail erect, beside Cicely, with watchful eyes fastened upon Eric Guile.

"I could not get rid of him," replied Cicely. "As you may imagine, it is not easy for me to leave the house at night so."

"And she keeps a dog, eh? and a brace of pistols, I daresay, and has bolts and bars enough to stock a prison?"

"With so many valuables she naturally uses all proper precautions."

"She used to make me sleep with her chest. Does she impose that pleasant duty on you?"

"No; She has it under her own bed; she took the money from it to-night. Here it is, Eric. And now I must go."

"Stop a moment. Have you got a lover?"

"No."

"I am going with you, Cicely. You must not come here again alone."

"You need not trouble."

Evidently she was not anxious for his company.

"Oh, I don't quite forget that I am a gentleman. I do not propose to expose you to insult."

"But, Eric—"

He was putting his coat on.

"No one could recognize me any more than they could you. I shall see you safely in. Another time I will meet you. You can make an appointment by writing."

"Yes; I had no idea how to write to you, or I should have done so this time. Besides, I was very anxious. I did not know how much you might need the money."

"You are a good girl, Cicely, and have saved me from desperation. I shan't forget it."

"Oh, Eric, come back to your mother. She would help you to elude punishment; she would get you away."

"You don't know her. She would curse me, and leave her money to some asylum."

"What are you doing, Eric? I mean how are you occupying yourself?"

"Gambling—when I have anything to stake." Cicely sighed; she knew that Madam Guile would rather think of her only son as dead. She shuddered a little at her own implication, but she saw no way out of the deception in which she had been led, partly through the temptation of her ambition, partly by her native generosity and anxiety to aid the only relative known to her in the world.

Cicely's life had been so full of excitements of late that the episode of her visit to her cousin, when once safely terminated, mingled with other memories, had left no worrying impression. She was a little startled by her aunt's inquiring the following morning what she proposed to do with her money, but she was able to answer composedly that she had immediate use for it.

"I did not know but you might like to purchase a new dress for Mrs. Torrent's dancing-party," said Madam Guile.

"I can wear my pink silk with the lace trimmings," replied Cicely.

"If you think you are pretty enough to wear a soiled ball dress with impunity, I must disagree with you," said the elder lady, who was whimsical and contrary as independence and disappointment could well make her. "Pray get on your bonnet and cloak, and we will go and order something fresh, if it is only a muslin."

But Madam Guile's tastes did not affect muslins, and she chose for Cicely a pure white glacé silk, to be draped with illusion and festooned with white lilies.

"We'll see," she chuckled, "whether there's another woman in the room who dare wear a dress without a fleck of color about it."

Cicely looked, if possible, lovelier in the dead white dress, when the night came for wearing it, than in anything in which she had yet appeared. It was near two months since she had been introduced into her aunt's circle, and she reigned an undisputed belle. That night, to complete her costume, Madame Guile, had taken from her chest a point-lace fan with ivory sticks sown with seed pearls.

"Don't let Charles Leland break it," she snarled, as she put it in Cicely's hands.

"Oh, aunt, he never does such awkward things!"

"Indeed? He'll do an awkward one if he falls in love with you."

Cicely turned her head. She knew that he had done this already! since the night when Madam Guile so candidly explained her intentions regarding her young relative he had been unremitting in a tender and protecting sort of attention, which had made him irresistible to Cicely, who had always regarded him with favor.

He was waiting for her when she entered Mrs. Torrent's parlors that evening. His eyes told her how astonishingly lovely she was, and hers told back how glad she was to be lovely to him.

The evening was nearly over when they sat together in a little ante-room dimly lighted, massed like a bower with fragrant flowers; the dance music sounded afar off, the trickle of a fountain made music near, and Cicely's heart beat the sweetest music of all.

"I am older and graver than you, Cicely, but I love you with a lover's love, and with the love of a protector," so Charles Leland was saying, and Cicely's little hand was resting in his, and the heaving of the lilies on her breast told him that the sense of protection was very precious.

"When I ask you to give me yourself, darling, I feel how great a boon it is; your youth and beauty and unstained heart. If you had money to boot, I should never have dared to ask," and he smiled.

"Aunt Guile will give me no money. I don't know but she will turn me out of the house when she knows you wish to marry me." And then it suddenly smote Cicely about Eric. How was she to keep his secret, and to supply his wants in event of her marriage? "Perhaps," she faltered, "it will be best for us to say nothing at present."

Charles Leland's brow clouded slightly. His own record was clear, and he had an honorable man's horror of mystifications.

"Dear, I do not fear Madame Guile. We are no way dependent on her favor."

"No; and yet, perhaps, while she needs me. She has been kind, and—"

"While she needs you? Surely, Cicely, you don't mean while she lives?"

"No, I don't know. I must have a little time to consider."

It was tingling through Cicely's nerves that she must have Eric's consent; that she had a secret and a master. He had no power of course, except the power to trouble her. And yet he had some power too; for she had promised never to betray his identity.

Charles Leland's brow did not clear.

"Cicely, there is nothing that you would keep back from me? nothing in your past that I might not know, dear?"

Could she say there was nothing? She shook her head as a subterfuge.

"You do not answer me," he said, anxiously.

"Concerning myself, I believe there is nothing."

"But concerning others? Oh, Cicely, I cannot endure to begin with a mystery—that means division, not union."

His words restored her faltering courage. She took her hand from his and left his side.

"Yes, there is a mystery. We must not meet again until I can clear it."

"Cicely, stay. I can trust you."

"I must have your confidence as my right, not as a concession, or I cannot have it at all."

"At all!" he started up; "you don't mean that there is a doubt but you can clear any mystery which hangs about you?"

"Some doubt, perhaps," she said, coldly.

"But you shall not suffer by it."

"Not suffer?" he caught her hand to detain her. "I tell you, Cicely, that I trust you as I love you. And 'love is enough.' You shall not leave me; what are other's secrets to me? You have done no wrong."

"I cannot have it so. Good night. Sometime, perhaps, I will send for you."

"Some time? Perhaps?" he echoed, as she glided away.

He little knew by what severe tests the love and trust he so freely pledged her were to be shaken before they met again.

Cicely had an appointment with Eric the following evening. Madam Guile always retired early after an evening paper, and dismissed the servants, so that the house was quiet.

Cicely, hooded and veiled, stole down guiltily to the area door. She had told Eric she would merely hand him the money, and he was there to receive it. She was obliged to add:

"I am coming out, Eric. I have something to say to you."

"I was about to utter the same words," he repeated, with a little surprise. "I have something to say to you. Let me lock the door. What a huge key. There, take my arm. Now say your say first."

"Eric, you must release me from my compact. I cannot live with your mother, nor keep your secret, nor give you money any longer."

"Indeed. And may I ask why?"

"Because—because—I shall be married, if you will release me."

"Ah, so I supposed. But it is quite impossible for me to release you. Unless you can make it worth my while to do so."

"Why, Eric"—she trembled in every limb—"you don't mean that you would be so cruel."

"Cruel? That is good. I have put you in the way of a capital settlement, and you have handed over ten pounds. A bargain is a bargain, Miss Guile."

"There was no bargain. Moreover, there is no need of these clandestine proceedings. Your home, your fortune, awaits you. Your perversity alone makes you an intriguing beggar."

"You do not state the case with exactness. It is a falling common to your sex. I have for-

feited the claims—legally forfeited them—which you urge me to push. And I am desperately in want of money, more so than you can conjecture. In fact, so desperately that I must and will have it, at any cost."

"You will have no more from me, then. Not even, Eric, if I have to betray you."

"Not so fast, my fair cousin. You overlook the fact that you are in my power as well as I in yours."

"I in your power?" said Cicely, haughtily.

"Ask yourself how well your lover would relish an account of your visit to my rooms. Don't flatter yourself there were no witnesses."

"You are trying to frighten me, Eric. You will not hold such a thing over me?"

"I will hold you bound to furnish me with some given sum every month, for I have no other way to procure it. I don't consider it extortion, for when I come to my own I will repay with interest. But in the meantime a bond is a bond. If you attempt to betray me, I will defame you. I am a Guile. Neither tears nor prayers will move me. First love is never fatal. And now, good night."

Cicely, with Bob, as usual, beside her, hastened home and to bed. The house was dim and silent as before. There was nothing to indicate that during her half-hour's absence her doom had been wrought out.

In the evening papers Charles Leland, waiting every hour for some word from Cicely Guile to relieve his disquiet, read the following paragraph:

"A daring and skilful robbery was perpetrated last night at the residence of Mrs. Guile, of Park Lane, whereby a chest of valuables kept in that lady's sleeping apartment was rifled of precious stones of great value, the entire loss being estimated at upwards of ten thousand pounds. There being no indications of a forced entrance, the servants have been placed under strict surveillance. The police are actively engaged in the case."

The next morning the papers contained the following:

"An unexpected feature in the great jewel robbery has been brought to light. A young and beautiful relative of Mrs. Guile's, who has been for some months residing under her roof, is implicated in the affair. She is known to have left the house by an area door, taking the watchdog with her, between ten and eleven o'clock. She was absent half an hour, during which time her accomplices undoubtedly accomplished the theft. The mystery of the proceedings is at present insoluble, and the excitement intense. Miss Guile has been placed under arrest, but offers no explanations."

Charles Leland sat for some moments paralyzed. Then, with all haste, he proceeded to Madam Guile's.

"Where is she?" he demanded.

"In gaol, of course. This is my reward."

"You do not believe her guilty?"

"Certainly. I am not in love with her."

"Madam Guile, be merciful as you hope for mercy. That young girl has never robbed you."

"She is allied with those who have."

"Find who they are. A worthless father, a scoundrel of a brother, perhaps, whose clutches she cannot escape. Lose no time. Find who these connexions are—"

"They are found," said a voice at hand—a strangely familiar voice to both the listeners; and Eric Guile, with his habitual disguise stripped off, stood before his mother.

She tottered to wards him, and recoiled, taking it all in.

"You—have robbed your mother! Oh! Eric!"

"Don't make a scene. It was the only way I had of coming to my own, just at the present time."

"And Cicely—when—where—"

"Yes," said Charles Leland, with more severity than he was aware of, "and Cicely?"

"Well, Cicely was indispensable to me. I will tell you about it."

And he told them briefly. He had never gone upon the ill-fated expedition with which he was supposed to have been lost. He was "up to a lark," as he said, in the first place. Then he got into trouble, went from bad to worse. At last, with the officers at his heels, he remembered Cicely living alone, teaching quietly for her living in a country town. He threw himself upon her mercy, and she concealed him. His crime had been done under an assumed name. No one but his cousin knew that he was alive. Through his connivance her correspondence with his mother had been brought about, he meaning to make her useful to himself, as he had measurably succeeded in doing. The temptation to steal the jewels she had inadvertently placed in his way by describing their location was irresistible. The theft had been accomplished by a professional colleague during Cicely's interview with himself.

"And now what is to be done?"

"He is my own flesh and blood," said Madam Guile, with her hard voice and relentless eyes. "I will help him to elude justice and to get out of my sight for ever."

"His innocent victim needs our first thought," returned Charles Leland.

"Wait," said Madam Guile. "Her way is clear enough. Henceforth she is my only child. And I will leave you half of my fortune if you will not ask to marry her."

"Your whole fortune is too small a bribe, madam, and comes too late. Cicely is mine; asked for and promised. Allow me to hasten to her."

Little remains to be said. Eric was disposed of as quietly and effectually as money and wit could do it. No proceedings were instituted

against the actual thief, whose silence was secured by the unmolested enjoyment of his booty.

The whole affair was hushed up, or rather extinguished, by an ovation to Cicely, in which her aunt announced her as her adopted daughter and heir.

Charles Leland and she were quietly married somewhat later. In their happiness and affluence Cicely still sometimes repeats that "love is enough."

THE BROOK'S STORY.

I'll tell you what the brook did say.
To me one lovely summer day,
As flowing on across the lea
It reached and softly kissed the sea.

Above, the birds their sweet songs sang,
The wood with many a chorus rang,
The softest winds breathed through the tree,
All nature seemed in harmony.

And thus the brook: "Tis many a year
Since two did often ramble here,
And sit them down to watch me play
And hear me laugh the hours away.

"One was a maiden good and fair,
Beauty had given her graces rare,
While in her ever kindly eye,
The light of love beamed constantly.

"The other was a youth who talked,
As 'long the leaf-crowned path they walked
Of days of happiness to come
In some far-off, some new-found home.

"For years the twain I did not see,
I thought they had forgotten me;
When one rare day in early June,
When nature's heart was all attune,

"They came, and 'neath the same old tree
Sat down and held commune with me.
Her hair was gray, but still the light
Of love beamed in her eye most bright.

"His form was bent with labors done,
Still on his face a sweet smile shone;
And then I knew time had not chilled.
Their hearts with love and goodness filled.

"They talked of days when they were young,
Of birds that with me oft had sung,
Of youth's strange dreams that used to shine
With light that seemed almost divine.

"They came as pilgrims to a shrine
And once more blent their words with mine;
It was to them a sacred place,
Towards which their steps they must retrace."

Such was the tale the brook did tell,
A story old, and known full well,
For age can never make depart
Youth's recollections from the heart.

PRETTY MAY.

She had been the belle of Wildhaven since she came from a boarding-school to preside over her father's house, with pretty airs of control, which Mrs. Wells, the actual house-keeper, never resented or contradicted.

Her beauty was of an exquisitely delicate type.

Her hair, of golden brown, covered her tall, slender figure like a veil in fine threads of richest gold.

Her eyes were a deep hazel, shaded by long golden brown lashes, and her features were cut as clearly and regularly as a fine cameo.

Hands and feet were small and slender, and her whole figure was gracefully rounded.

But her greatest perfection was a skin as fair, soft, and spotless as that of a miniature painting.

Mary Jane Trask was her proper cognomen.

But she was May from a baby; May in school, and when at eighteen she came home for good, there were probably not six people in Wildhaven who knew her name was actually Mary Jane.

She reigned by right of her lovely face, her kind heart, her accomplishments, and her father's position, for old Dr. Trask was one of the grandees of the place.

Nobody wondered when Mr. Pendleton, the great artist, came to Wildhaven for the summer, that he requested the doctor to allow him to take Miss May's portrait; he set up a great easel and canvas, by May's permission, in a large empty room at the doctor's, and began his painting in good earnest.

He had brought letters to Dr. Trask from some old friends.

When May stood for her picture in the great empty room, nobody's hands were raised in horror because no matron sat beside her.

Her dress for these occasions was of thin, floating muslin, cut to show her round shoulders and arms, and her waving golden hair fell unbound around her.

Upon the dress and in the hair were scattered delicate spring blossoms, and the small hands carried long sprays of tender green leaves.

But once dressed and in position, Mark Pendleton desired his fair model to forget that she was sitting for a picture and exerted every charm of his wonderful powers of conversation for that purpose.

And May listened and answered, modestly and intelligently, till she would grow interested in her subjects, when her large eyes would dilate with feeling, her cheeks flush to delicate rose tints, and her face intensify its own beauty,

till the artist sighed to think how poorly paint and pencil could reproduce the exquisite face he copied.

When the sittings were over and May was in her everyday dresses of dainty muslins, with her superb hair neatly coiled round her shapely little head, Mr. Pendleton could often be persuaded to stay to dinner, and then there would follow long walks in shady lanes.

He was somewhat older than May, this artist, who had seen, had read, and thought so much, and whose pictures commanded such high prices.

But his heart was fresh and youthful as a boy's, and his love of beauty an undying source of delight to him.

He had a tall figure and fine face, with large, dark, soul-lit eyes, and May thought him as handsome as he thought her, which is saying a great deal.

So they gave heart for heart in the long summer days, as they interchanged the deep soul-talk that draws true love in the strongest bonds.

The wordly-wise man, the artist whose name was a well-known one, gave his heart to the gentle, sweet girl, who thought Heaven was opened for her as she knew the gift was hers.

Dr. Trask gave his consent, sighing a little at the prospect of losing his child.

The wedding-day was fixed for October, and Mark Pendleton returned to prepare a home for his bride.

It was August when he left Wildhaven, and May had piles of sewing to accomplish, but her lover's parting words were—

"Don't work too hard, my darling. I want my little wife's face as fair as spring itself when I come to claim her."

Before he had been gone two weeks Wildhaven was thrown into terror-stricken suffering by the breaking out of a contagious fever, that spread with lightning rapidity.

It was so violent, so fatal, that everyone who was spared actual sickness was busy in the care of friend or relative.

May forgot her dainty stitching and ruffling, her coming wedding, and even her happiness, in the suffering around her.

In the fearful scorching heat she worked over a hot stove, preparing delicacies for the sick, and carried them herself to the sufferers, the scorching sun beating down upon her with dry, burning heat.

Often she found the nurse of yesterday the invalid of to-day, and would remain night after night tending the worst cases under her father's care, more than once ending her duty by dressing the still form of a dearly-loved friend for the grave.

Her father guarded her by preventives and precautions as far as possible, but he never stopped her.

"She is doing the work of her Heavenly Father! He will protect her," was his answer to some few friendly remonstrances, and for a long time it seemed as if the maiden bore indeed a charmed life.

The fever had run its course when in September a cool week broke the oppressive heat, and no new cases occurred afterwards except one.

But, ah, that one tore the doctor's heart-strings more than all the rest, for in her own room, tossing in delirious agony, May called pitifully for the father she did not recognise, the lover absent from her, the friends gone from earth for ever.

Over and over again she lived the painful scenes of the past few weeks, and Mrs. Wells, her faithful nurse, knew she stood very near the grave for many long days.

May did not know when Mark Pendleton was sent for, and admitted to the darkened room, for what they feared was a last gaze at his promised wife; she did not know when all the glorious profusion of her golden hair was shorn off; she knew nothing for many, many days, till waking from a long, deep sleep, she saw with clear, comprehending eyes her father's face bending over her.

She smiled, wondering where her voice had gone as she said faintly—

"Father!"

And he, softly kissing her eyelids, as they closed again, only murmured—

"Thank God! my child is spared to me."

There was a long convalescence, and after May could sit up and be dressed, she wondered where her mirror and hand-glass had vanished. Mrs. Wells muttered something about—

"Eliza's so careless, always breaking something;" and her father called her "little vanity," with a quivering smile, when she asked for them.

Even when Mark came, as he did several times, Mrs. Wells dressed her, and tied on the lace cap that covered her poor bald head.

But one day, when she felt nearly well, she stole down into the sitting-room alone, and looked full in the mirror over the mantel-piece.

She knew then why she had been so tenderly guarded from the shock of seeing her own face.

A border of fluted lace replaced her splendid hair, and a uniform deep pink color was spread like a mask over her whole face.

Her eyes were sunken, and a strange, unnatural ugliness seemed to have entirely usurped her own beauty.

Covering her face, she wept bitter, unavailing tears.

She had been innocently proud of her lovely face, and Mark had loved it.

Even in her first grief the thought most of her lover, sobbing his name till, as if in answer, he bent over her.

"May," he said, "do not grieve so. It is only your beauty that is gone. The best of you is here, little May."

She looked up, saying—
"You had better call me Mary Jane now. It suits my face better."

"I want to call you Mrs. Pendleton as soon as possible," he replied gaily.

"Mark! You would not marry such a fright."

"Just try me! Why May," he added, gravely, "you surely do not imagine this change in your face shakes my love. Suppose this fever had come after we were married, do you suppose I should have run away?"

"You would have been forced to submit, then, I suppose," she said, very dolefully. "Now you can escape."

"Thanks! I am very content in my present bondage, I assure you."

And he proved the fact by urging an early wedding.

The doctor smiled when May made some wondering comments, saying—

"I should be sorry to think Mark loved only your beauty, my daughter."

And the old man indulged in a most unusual chuckle, as if immensely amused by some thought of his own.

But the wedding was once more postponed by Mark himself.

His brother in Canada died suddenly, and the widow needed someone to look after the property.

So the winter glided away, and April opened, when a telegram announced Mark's speedy return, and preparations for the wedding were hastened in earnest.

The doctor met Mr. Pendleton at the station, and drove him to the house, assuring him that the day they had previously selected for the marriage, the fifteenth, would now meet his engagements exactly.

"But that is this morning?"

"Exactly! I will postpone it if you wish."

"I! No, indeed! But you must give me a chance to dress."

"You have an hour! It is now ten. My friends will assemble at the church at eleven. You are my guest."

May was invisible while Mark was escorted to the spare room, where his trunk stood open, and every comfort was ready for his toilet.

But a tall, slender, white robed figure, with a long lace veil, waited, leaning upon Dr. Trask's arm, when the bridegroom was ready, and slowly advanced up the aisle.

The solemn words were spoken that made May his own for life, and then the bridesmaids gently lifted the veil, and Mark saw his wife.

His May, fairer than ever, stood before him, her delicate beauty perfectly restored.

Upon her head, in place of the heavy braids and coils of hair, were tiny clustering ringlets of gold like a baby's; the pink mask was gone, and the soft complexion was delicately fair and pure.

Mark clasped her passionately to his heart in joy.

It was a long time afterwards that Dr. Trask told his son-in-law—

"Of course I knew the disfigurement was only temporary, but I thought it was a good test of your affection."

And that affection, so true, so noble, is as fresh in Mark's heart now as when he first loved Pretty May.

TOO LATE.

BY A. S.

If you had mentioned Martin Wilbur to any of the villagers in the limits of Pond Hill you would have been informed that he was the richest man in the county, and a crusty old bachelor, past fifty. Had your informant been very communicative, he would further have told you that Mr. Wilbur lived on his own fine estate on the Hill, with his widowed sister for his only companion.

Opinions were divided with regard to the sister who rejoiced in the high-sounding name of Mrs. Harrison Curtis, and was ten years her brother's senior. The wealthy portion of Pond Hill were unanimous in pronouncing Mrs. Curtis a handsome, amiable old lady, who dispensed the hospitalities of her brother's handsome mansion with aristocratic grace.

The poorer class would have told you that the lady in question was condescending in a grandly patronizing manner highly exasperating to a free people, "as good as she, with all her airs, and noways beholden to her." The very poor, working people agreed that "Mrs. Curtis was a hard one, and not easy to work for."

Her servants hated her, and served her well from fear of dismissal from a comfortable home. Her brother gave her a support, made her mistress of his house, and saw her face as seldom as possible.

This was the lady, who, on a lovely June day, when all nature smiled, lay upon her bed, sick unto death. The best advice had been called in, a celebrated physician having come all the way from London to feel the patient's pulse, and confirm the fiat of the village doctor. Every thing that skill, attention and money could do to drive back the grim destroyer had been done, but Mary Curtis, looking upon the June sunshine, knew that she should never waken to see it again in this life. Lying propped up by the wide pillows of her handsome bed, with costly lace around her throat and wrists, and bordering her fine muslin cap, the

face looked drawn and old, though the large blue eyes were proud and cold, as if even death could not conquer the iron spirit of the invalid. A young girl, with a pleasant face, was dusting the furniture, and moving softly about the room, when Mrs. Curtis spoke.

"Katie, tell Mr. Wilbur I wish to speak to him. You need not come in again yourself until I ring."

The girl left the room, with noiseless step, and in another moment, a tall man with snow-white hair, and large clear blue eyes, entered the room. Even the contrast of his vigorous health with the wasted face of the invalid, could not destroy the strong resemblance between them.

"I hope you are feeling better, Mary," he said, kindly, as he took the thin hand extended to him.

"I shall never be better, Martin, but I have no more pain. The cessation of suffering is my death-warrant. I have sent for you, Martin, because to-morrow will be too late to tell you what has lain heavy on my heart for twenty years. I have done you a grievous wrong, Martin, and all I hoped to gain by it I have lost."

"Done me a wrong, Mary?"

"Yes, for it was my act that parted you and Caroline Masters!"

Martin Wilbur looked earnestly at his sister.

"I am an old man, Mary," he said gently, "a hard old man, many will tell you, but that name moves me as no other name in the world has power to do. Yet I cannot tell how you parted us. Caroline Masters was false to me."

"Never! She never wronged you by word or look."

"You do not know the story, Mary. I will tell you why Caroline Masters drove me from home for five long years, why I have not looked upon her face, the face of the only woman I have ever loved, for twenty years; I met her at your own home, so you know as well as myself how graceful and winning she was, though she had no positive beauty. I loved her, and asked her to be my wife. She seemed to return my love. I was a rich man!" said Martin Wilbur, bitterly, "Caroline Masters was a poor girl, nursery governess to your children. For nearly two months I was supremely happy in the belief that I was beloved, where I loved. Then Carrie grew absent, cold, restless, seeming to have some trouble she was anxious to conceal, yet longing to tell me. I was preparing a home for my bride, repairing and modernizing this house, furnishing it to suit a fair young wife, laying out the grounds and beautifying it in every way in my power. This work called me from town frequently, and I did not see Carrie very often. One day while I was here, I found in the post-office a note in a disguised hand, telling me my promised wife was secretly meeting another man during my absence; that the change in her was due to the fact that she had ceased to love me; and the proof of the truth of the writer's statements was offered me. If I would return unexpectedly on the night of the twelfth of the current month I would find my rival with Caroline. There was a ball, to which my sister was going on that night, and believing me away, and herself free, Caroline had appointed a meeting with the man who had taken my place in her heart. Half mad with jealousy (I was twenty years younger then) I hurried at once to your house, entered with my night key, and stood a moment in the entry. From the parlor came the sound of voices, Caroline's, and that of a man.

"We cannot meet after you are married," the man said in a tender voice, "and your wedding-day is very near."

"Then, with a sob, I heard Caroline say:

"Oh, Willie! Willie! I must see you, I cannot give you up."

"I heard no more. I could not bear my own thoughts, for they were those of a murderer. Had I remained a moment longer I would have taken my rival's life. I left the house and went to a hotel; from there I wrote to Caroline one line:

"I know your secret. Farewell.—Martin."

"By the next steamer I left England. Five years later, hearing you were a widow and poor, I returned to offer a home to you and your little ones. I have never seen Caroline Masters, nor heard her name, since my own ears proved her false."

"Yet she was true to you. Before I tell you all, Martin, promise me forgiveness. I am dying!"

"Whatever you may tell me is forgiven, Mary," was the solemn reply.

"It was your wealth that tempted me, Martin. When you returned from abroad a rich man I determined, if possible, to keep you single, that I might have your wealth for my children. I knew my husband saved nothing of his large salary, and that he was consumptive. I dreaded poverty for myself and my five little ones. Wishing to keep you a bachelor, I was anxious and angry when I saw that Caroline Masters, poor, without beauty or talent, had won your affections. I had selected a plain-faced girl for the children, had kept her away from you, as far as possible, and yet you loved her. The very love for the children, upon which I built my hope of their inheriting your fortune, had drawn you to the nursery, where Caroline presided over their lessons. I know you well enough to feel sure, that if you once believed Caroline to be false, no other woman would ever take her place in your heart. The wedding-day was drawing very near, you were happy and busy in preparing a home for your bride, and I saw no opportunity to separate you and your promised wife. But the opportunity came at last. Going

to the nursery one morning, I found Caroline crying over a letter she had just received. A few words drew from her a sad story. The letter was from her brother, older than herself, and whom she had been brought up to believe dead. He had been seven years in prison for a crime he committed when he was a mere lad. Writing to his sister, after his release, finding his mother dead, he implored her to see him, before he left the country, to try to live honestly in a new place. At once I made use of my opportunity. I told Caroline she might see her brother here, and must keep her interviews a secret from everyone. She pleaded hard to tell you, but I promised that I would do that at the proper time, after her brother had left the country. In the interviews that followed, the erring brother revived all the love his sister had felt for him when she was a little girl, and she became pale and anxious, troubled at concealing anything from you, and at the approaching separation from her brother. I trembled every time you came, fearing she would break her promise to me, and tell you all. I knew it would be like you to rescue the man, give him employment, and to reform him, if indeed he was not already a penitent, sincere man. I did not want a convict in the family, and I did want your wealth for my children. I told Caroline she could see her brother alone on the night of the ball, and I wrote the anonymous note you received."

There was a long silence in the room, as the dying woman ceased to speak.

"Martin," she said, "see how I have been punished. All the children for whom I coveted your wealth are dead. I am dying, and I have blighted your whole life, and that of an innocent woman who confided in me."

"What became of Caroline Masters?"

Martin Wilbur's voice was hoarse and low, as he asked the question.

"She went to Australia with her brother. Martin, two days ago this came to me. I recognised the hand, and opened it."

She put a note into her brother's hand. It was directed to "Martin Wilbur, Esq.," and inside were but few words, these:—

"He who has separated us for twenty years is dead. I came from Sydney by the last steamer, only to look upon your face once more before I die. Will you come to me?"

CAROLINE MASTERS."

"Dying, and you have held this back two days!"

"Oh, Martin, forgive me."

"I promise that. But this is hardest of all to forgive."

By the night mail train which passed through Pond Hill, Martin Wilbur travelled to London. In the home he left lay a still figure that had wrought its last act of cold cruelty, but whose dying bed the brother had comforted by full forgiveness.

People might talk about this journey taken at such a solemn time. Martin Wilbur heeded nothing but the call from the woman he had wronged. Only to see her once more, only to press her hand, to hear her speak his name, he would gladly have given all his great wealth.

It was early morning when he rang the bell of the large handsome house in Winthrop Street.

A little girl was in the hall, and before the servant could answer Mr. Wilbur's question, she came forward.

"Mamma said if any gentleman asked for Aunt Caroline, he was to be shown into the sitting-room at once."

"Will you tell your mamma, miss?" said the servant.

"Yes. Please come this way, sir."

Following his little guide, Martin Wilbur was led to a large sitting-room, where a lady in widow's weeds, surrounded by a group of children, rose to receive him.

"You are Mr. Wilbur?" she asked courteously. "Children, go to the nursery till I call you."

The children, who all looked sad and subdued, obeyed at once.

"I know you, sir," said the widow, "from poor Caroline's frequent mention of you. My husband, during his life, tried by every means in his power to atone to his sister for the sorrow he had brought upon her life. When he married me in Sydney, he told me the whole sad story, and Caroline and I were like sisters. She never complained, never murmured."

"Again and again she was sought in marriage by some of the best men in the city, but she was true to you to the last. After my husband died, and we decided to come to this country, Caroline manifested a restless impatience to be on our way, entirely new in her character. She was never very strong, but after we left Australia her health gave way entirely. She grew more and more feeble until we reached London, where she lay dangerously ill for weeks before she sent for you. When all hope of life was gone, the desire to see you once more became uncontrollable. She sent for you, and watched the arrival of every train, hoping, hoping, to the last."

"But I am here now!"

"Caroline died at sunset yesterday. You may see her, but she can never see you again."

As she spoke, Mrs. Masters opened a door, leading into a dimly-lighted bed-room. Silently Martin Wilbur entered, the door was closed, and he was alone with his dead.

The pale wasted face, with snowy hair smoothly banded against the waxen cheeks, was not the face of the bright young girl he had loved twenty years ago, but he bent reverently, with tears falling thick and fast, to kiss the pale lips, and murmur words of love.

A broken, sad man, who seemed to have lost all interest in life, returned to Pond Hill in time to attend his sister's funeral. He had tried to make this life of the dead woman happy, had given her every comfort and kindness, and in return, she had to the last hour deceived him, gaining nothing for her sins but her own remorse, and the penitence that came too late.

THE SPIRIT LOVER.

One bright autumn morning, many years ago, a funeral procession wound its way through the streets of St. Sauveur, towards the small but well-cared-for cemetery.

It was a soldier's funeral. A guard walked beside the flower-strewn bier. Two by two, with bent heads, the soldiers followed it.

The muffled drums beat heavily. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," they seemed to say.

Women looked from their windows at the sad procession marched by.

"He is gone at last, this poor Captain Le Mar!" said one.

"And a happy release for him!" sighed another.

"Never did a braver soldier live with so many wounds, such dreadful mutilations. Yet he was handsome still—a beautiful face; I saw it in the coffin," said another.

Then they crossed themselves, and went back to their work.

Others, with more time on their hands, went with the soldiers to the cemetery, and heard the old curé utter the good words over the soldier's grave and saw the white stone planted over it.

One only of those soldiers returned to the house in which their dead comrade had dwelt, after the ceremonies were over.

It was the Colonel of the regiment.

To him, in his dying hours, poor Le Mar, had given a little note, in which he had read these words:

"MY OLD FRIEND,—

"When I am gone, I desire you to take from my desk a small packet of manuscript which you will find there. It is the story of my life. Even to you I have been reticent, but now I desire you to know all. You may think me a madman, when you have read the story—and, indeed, no one can know whether he is mad or not, but you know me too well to suspect me of falsehood. The truth of what I have written is as absolute to me as that of my own existence. Read it, and do what you will with it.

"Yours ever,

"LE MAR."

It was to obtain this legacy that the colonel retraced his steps to the home of his dead comrade that day.

As Le Mar had said, he knew nothing of his life save that they had fought together, yet he had always felt that some mystery surrounded him, that there were sorrows in the past too great to be spoken of.

At the dead of night, in the solitude of his own room, Colonel Mestayer unrolled the paper covered by the words his friend had written, and read the following story:

"Dear Mestayer, before I became a soldier I lived with my father in a chateau near Paris.

"I was his youngest son, and, in his way he was fond of me; his kindness, however, depended altogether on my implicit obedience.

"Like most young men, I had fallen in love. The object of my affection was not a lady of my own rank in life, she was a poor little shop-girl, named Arline.

"I have always thought her the sweetest thing on earth; certainly her black eyes, and her long, glittering, waving black hair were charms any woman might have envied.

"I never mentioned Arline at home, of course; that you quite understand.

"Her grandfather was a little old man who carved wooden brackets for a living, and they lived upon a fourth floor in a very poor neighborhood.

"When I was five-and-twenty years of age my father said to me:

"Adolph, it is time for you to marry. I have selected a wife for you. It is young Mademoiselle Moran."

"But I have no wish to marry," I said.

"I desire it," said my father. "Mademoiselle Moran's beauty, position, and wealth render her a most eligible wife for you. Her father approves of you; he will give her a fine portion; and, if you marry according to my wishes, I will settle a suitable sum upon you and give you the chateau at St. Sauveur, which you have always so much admired. I can afford to be generous to an obedient son; but if I am offended with you, what have you?"

"Not a son," said I.

"Ah, well," said he, "I see you understand the situation."

"He walked away from me well satisfied.

"I remained where he had left me.

"I asked myself what I should do.

"I could not tell him that I loved someone else.

"Love had nothing to do with his plans.

"I could not tell him that another loved me.

"What would he care for a little shop-girl without a centime in her purse?"

"With his consent I should never marry her, even were there no Mademoiselle Moran on earth.

"I might resist his authority, and marry Arline.

"After that, perhaps, I might teach music for a livelihood.

"I knew something of the art.

"And then, if we two could live on a crust in a garret, we might be happy.

"Could we? Could I?"

"I thought of my own elegant house; of the style in which I had always lived; of the luxuries that had grown to be necessities to me.

"I shuddered.

"Perhaps time will help me," I said to myself. "I will not anger my father yet. I will remain passive. I will never marry Mademoiselle Moran; but if it amuses the old people to talk of our betrothal, let them to it."

"So I saved my conscience.

"Once or twice a week my father took me formally to call upon young Mademoiselle Moran.

"The rest of the evenings I made love to my little Arline.

"She lived with her old grandfather, on an upper floor in a dismal street, but the room was bright and clean enough, and she was as pretty and as fresh as a rose.

"Together we supped upon bread and radishes, and claret which I brought with me in a long bottle.

"Those were delicious feasts.

"They were sweetened and flavored by love.

"She did not know that I was a rich man.

"She did not care whether I was rich or poor.

"Neither of us looked far into the future.

"We were young, and the present sufficed us.

"Whether we whispered together in the little garret, or went arm in arm to see a play; whether we walked through the gas-lit streets, or wandered on some summer holiday out into the pleasant country places—we were as happy as the day was long.

"Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Moran gave me her polite attention when we met, and made no objection whatever to our parents' plans.

"Loving Arline as I did, I was still a coward.

"You who have known me in battle will perhaps think I belle myself, but at five-and-twenty I was a moral coward.

"I despise myself as I write, but I have promised to tell the truth.

"I allowed matters to proceed without interruption, until at last I was formally affianced to Mademoiselle Moran.

"I signed the marriage contract with my own hand, and then I felt I could not retrace my steps.

"Satan whispered in my year:

"What does it matter? Marry the lady. Your little shop-girl does not know anything about you. Keep your fortune and your sweetheart also."

"I obeyed his whispers.

"I managed my little affair so as to avoid suspicion on both sides.

"Reckless of the wrong I was doing to two good and pure young girls, I floated down the stream towards my wedding-day.

"But Satan always deserts his friends at last.

"A letter from my father, which I had recklessly carried about with me, fell from my pocket unseen by me, one night, as I parted from Arline.

"She read it.

"Perhaps jealousy prompted her; and she fancied that she might have discovered a rival's billet-doux.

"At all events, she read it, and learnt from it all the truth.

"Charged with it, I could not deny the facts.

"I could only vow that I loved her, and her alone.

"Poor child! As she listened, I saw all hope and sweetness die out of her face.

"White and despairing, with her eyes dilating and her lips set hard, she looked at me and said nothing.

"She drowned herself in the Seine that night and when next I saw her it was upon a marble slab in the Morgue, her hands upon her breast, her hair falling about her like a black veil, my ring upon her finger.

"My friend, I did not marry Mademoiselle Moran.

"Remorse overwhelmed me at last.

"I confessed all to my father, broke my engagement, and leaving home and friends behind me, enlisted in the army.

"I sought Death.

"Those who seek him he shuns.

"I was called a brave man.

"Who that hated life would not be brave?"

"When you knew me I wore the captain's epaulettes.

"I need not tell you of my soldier's life, or of the wounds by which I was invalidated.

"Hearing of them, my father, who had at last forgiven me, bestowed upon me his pardon, and gave me this little place at St. Sauveur.

"Here I have lived ever since, a helpless, shattered wreck, almost incapable of motion.

"It is five years since I came here, and at the end of the second began the incredible part of my story.

"My temper as you know, was none of the best, and I hated the sight of a man at times.

"Greatly as I needed him, I often drove my attached old soldier-servant from me; and one day when I had done this, I sat alone in my great chair by the seaward window of my sleeping apartment, when a very strange thing happened to me.

"I felt a hand upon my head.

"It was a woman's hand, soft and warm and gentle.

"It trifled with my curls in a fashion that thrilled me with memories of the past.

"I was not frightened. I was simply perplexed.

"I spoke, I said—'Is someone near me whom I do not see?' but there was no answer.

"Soon I fell asleep, lulled as a babe might be by its mother's caresses by that phantom touch.

"This happened more than once.

"Then still stranger things occurred.

"I became aware that some ministering creature was near me.

"Inanimate objects were moved towards me at my need, without any visible human agency.

"Books were brought within my reach.

"Flowers were plucked from the vines without the door.

"A glass of wine was poured out and set before me, and after all these little offices came soft caresses.

"A kiss, a touch of a hand upon my cheek.

"The most loving and tender being was this sprite, and I longed to see it with a longing indescribable.

"I was no longer unhappy.

"I grew almost gay.

"I still drove my servant away, but it was that this unseen being might manifest itself to me.

"You, my dear friend, I remember, used to congratulate me on my recovered spirits.

"I never told you the cause.

"I dreaded that a revelation of the truth might drive my spirit lover for ever from my side.

"I have told you all that there is to tell, I think.

"After all, when one comes to write it down, it is not so much.

"I sum it up in these few words.

"Whenever I was alone this unseen form was beside me.

"At night I felt a woman's cheek against my own—a hand upon my brow, a breath mingling with my own; by day there was a loving, ministering creature at my side.

"I prayed for an audible word, for one glimpse of this fond being, over and over again, but I heard and saw nothing.

"The longing within me grew intense.

"I pleaded with Heaven for more than had been given me.

"At last my prayer was answered.

"My own hand was seized as I sat at my writing table.

"Great irregular characters were dashed across the paper.

"They read thus:

"You ask for what would give you pain. Let matters remain as they are. One is near you who loves you so that her spirit has worn its way earthward to minister unto you."

"I wrote beneath these lines:

"Let me see her."

"And then this was written:

"You shall have your way. To-night you shall see her."

"How I waited for night coming!

"How eagerly my eyes sought to pierce the shadows of the gathering twilight!

"I sent my servant away on an errand which must detain him for hours, and I forbade him to light a lamp.

"As the shadows thickened I grew more and more restless.

"Had I been deceived?

"Would my wish actually be gratified?

"Where were the hands that were usually hovering about me?

"What was this feeling of loneliness and desolation?

"My eyes wandered from spot to spot.

"They saw nothing.

"The room grew dark.

"It was a moonless night, and only the pale stars looked in between my window-curtains.

"Still I watched, growing hopeless, fearing that I had driven my ministering spirit from me; but at last—at last as I sat staring into vacancy, a light more brilliant than the starlight filled the room.

"As it grew, a low, soft beating like that made by a muffled drum fell upon my ear, and slowly amidst the soft, hazy radiance, a picture began to grow—a female figure lying prone, with its hands upon its breast, and a wealth of hair falling about like a veil.

"At first a mere outline, at last vivid in every form and tint—a dead woman, with eyes half open, and pale lips apart—a beautiful, awful thing—Arline, as I had seen her last in the awful silence of the Morgue.

"My friend, the time is coming fast when I soon shall pass into that world she has so long inhabited.

"Shall I meet her there?

"I am not worthy, and I know it well; but if a parted human soul, the soul of a weak and rash woman like Arline, can thus forgive, what may we not hope from an august Creator?

"I await the hour; that sweet spirit comes no more to me.

"The bonds of life are breaking.

"Beyond the darkness a faint light is shining, and it may be that her hands shall clasp mine yet somewhere beyond the reach of sin and sorrow.

"Adieu, my friend. Whether thou believest me mad or not, thou shalt know my story."

"Thine,

"ADOLPH LE MAR."

Colonel Mestayer folded the paper and placed it in his bosom.

He shed a few tears over it, and he pondered over it many hours.

Whether he thought his poor friend mad I do not know.

He did not say so when he handed the manuscript to me, nor have I formed any conclusion upon the subject.



DANGER IN T



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No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

ONLY A TRIFLE.

Every hour in the day, almost, we may hear people say in reference to matters of habit and life, "It is of little importance," "It is only a trifle," "It cannot be of any consequence," and other current phrases of kindred import. Let us remind the reader, that everything is of consequence; and if we could by any means produce that conviction, we should be doing pre-eminently good service. It would mightily assist in moulding man into a wise, thoughtful, noble being; strong in virtue, sound in morals, and true in principle. There is not a thought lodging for a moment in the intellect; there is not a word passing through the lips; there is not a single thing done, however mean and private, but has its given power in shaping the next thought we may think—in deciding the quality of the next action we may perform. As in physical science, even an atom has its legitimate value in the vast scheme of which it forms so mean a part; as from out of it, there is perpetually, and from the necessity of its being, going forth an energy—a force, which has its effects on all things, even the most distantly remote, and forms an essential part of the vast, magnificent economy of order. So man! thy thought, thy word, thy act, is like that little atom, pregnant with power, which not only goes to build up thy own nature, shape thy own mind, and color thy own life; but has its effect also, sure, though unconscious, in the education of other minds, and the formation of other characters. Contained in a thought, there often lies in embryo an issue of vast results, which, like the influence of what we call an atom, is indefinite and immeasurable in its range. Thus the future in a high sense lives in the present. The minds of the next generation are the creations of the minds of this. To a great extent it is for us to determine what they shall be and do. There is an organic relationship as real, existing between generations national, as between generations individual. In both cases the hereafter receives its complexion from the now.

When we thus regard ourselves as the centres of a formative influence, which is really accomplishing successive intellectual creations, and deciding the culture and development of other spirits; it behoves us to regard our mission as a very responsible, whilst it is a happy and highly dignified one. It comprehends within it a great duty, and rightly fulfilled, it will confer upon us elevated honor. Let us so faithfully attend to the culture of our being, that we may, in the economy of moral influences under which we live, be the almoners of blessing, truth, and

freedom, to peoples yet unborn. That we may realise a position so important, so god-like, we must cultivate the divine element within us—we must aim at intellectual and moral greatness; and as a first step to greatness, we must faithfully attend to "little things." The man who attains to greatness, does not do so by one convulsive struggle, but by a series of conflicts, by successive victories and defeats. He proves his qualification for great enterprise, by fulfilling duties improperly denominated mean. The man who waits for an occasion of greatness, never will be great at all. Your great man is he who does the duty of the day; that which is nearest to him, however insignificant to others it may appear. Little things are the seed of things that are great, whether it be in goodness or evil. Vast sequences result from trifles. A little folly has often created wretchedness, disease, and beggary. A little resolution has won, within man's own will, victories more sublime and imperishable than those of Trafalgar, or Waterloo. "Man is an almanack of self—a living record of his own deeds." Ay, and let us say of his own thoughts, too—it is because every thought and deed writes itself down in indelible lines on the register of his inner being, that we invite attention to the power exerted on character by "little things."

A little fire may produce much ruin; a little word may break up old friendships; a little fact may lead to the discovery of a hidden law; at little event has changed the condition of a people. Little things are mighty agents in producing individual meanness or greatness; whilst through that individuality they exert a great, a real power, in deciding the fortunes of an empire. As in nature, the acorn produces the oak, so in mind, a thought, or an act, may decide the quality of a life. The laws which govern our system, and uphold all its planets and stars in imposing harmony, are unseen, but not less real; the influence which mind gives to mind is invisible and unconscious, but not less a fact.

HUMAN DESTINY.

Unremitted labor and unceasing vigilance are the lowest price at which man, in this world, can obtain happiness and safety. The primeval curse "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," includes within its scope not only the bodily, but the mental and powers of man. And reason and philosophy, not less than revelation, clearly demonstrate that all nature, both within us and without, is so formed and constituted as to enforce this destiny.

Not only does the uncultivated earth bring forth thorns and thistles rather than fruit, but its tempting fruits, unless discriminated, may poison us. And the air we breathe, the fire that warms us, and the innumerable other objects which are essential to our existence or enjoyment, must be, for the most part, laboriously sought, and must all be cautiously distinguished, and appropriated, and used, if we would secure the benefits and escape the mischiefs which in some form each has the power to occasion.

And if we seek for happiness in the exercise of the mental and moral powers, the same toil and dangers await us. The temple of science stands at the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Moral rectitude is a critical medium, the two extremes from which are vices. And even the path to heaven, as we are instructed from the sacred desk, is narrow and difficult, with a broad road leading from it to perdition; so that earth and heaven are legibly inscribed by the finger of the Creator with the sublimity of doom of man—*toil and watchfulness.*

And yet, such is the intrinsic constitution of human nature, that this apparently severe destiny is the efficient cause of its highest dignity and happiness. Perils and impediments in our path, prompt us to vigilant and energetic action. Our chief happiness consists in successful effort—in acquiring the desirable objects around us, not in their supine enjoyment—in eluding, or grappling with and overcoming, danger,—not in a quiet, lifeless exemption from it. And every human faculty put forth and exerted for these purposes, is expanded, invigorated, and improved by exercise.

PICTURES.

A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and, perhaps, idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consoling of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS:

"SYMPATHY—THE PASSING TRIBUTE OF A SIGH."

The subject we illustrate is from a water-color drawing by Mr. A. C. H. Luxmoore. The slight but graceful theme is treated with appropriate simplicity and gentleness of feeling. The influence of Mr. George Leslie may be recognisable in the sentiment and execution as well as in the choice of costume; but the imitation is that of a congenial spirit. The second half of the title is a pretty appropriation of the well-known line in Gray's "Elegy":—

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

"DANGER IN THE DESERT."

It is a good many years ago since Mr. Carl Haag, for the first time, we believe, made acquaintance with desert life, in that Oriental journey in which he penetrated as far as Palmyra, the "Queen of the Desert;" yet, as in the case of other artists who have acquired a like experience, the desert and its nomadic races seem to have maintained a fascination over his mind beyond all the impressions he has received elsewhere. He has painted the picturesque peasantry of Italy, the still glorious ruins of Athens, the primitive interiors and people of the Bavarian highlands, and courtly scenes in highlands nearer home, yet, to the best of our recollection, his most important and powerful drawings owe their subjects to the deserts of Syria. It must be admitted that in those desert costumes are still worn of unrivalled picturesqueness and of immemorial antiquity; that there are to be found types of character, in face and form, of singular and exquisite refinement; and that there, also, the modes of life are necessarily chequered with numerous incidents suitable for artistic treatment.

The picture we now reproduce is one of the interesting series of Eastern illustrations to which we allude—a series of drawings which, for largeness of scale and force of effect, has seldom been equalled in the medium of water colors. The present work might serve as a fitting pendant to one engraved some years ago, representing an idyllic scene of family happiness in the desert. Here the peace of a similar family is imperilled, and their very lives menaced by roving Bedawees of the more lawless tribes, descendants, it would seem, of Ishmael, whose "hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The Bedawees generally move from place to place in whole tribes. Yet not unfrequently they are to be met as single wanderers—a camel carrying the wife and child, or children, the provisions, and the small property of the family, and the man walking by its side armed with a long gun and sword, and sometimes, though not often, also wearing a pistol or yataghan in his girdle. These stray nomads are more readily available for pictorial representation than whole caravans. They have, besides, an air of greater daring. Their firm step, their keen, bold features; their restless, watchful eye; the wife's entire confidence in her husband's protection, and the children's innocence and unconsciousness of danger, convey at a glance striking suggestions of their life. manifold are the dangers they incur; far more than beset whole tribes. Every rock, sand-heap, or other projection may conceal a lurking foe. The man can never be quite at ease; his eye ceaselessly scans the desert plain; his ear is on the alert for every sound. After an exhausting journey of many days he may, on approaching a well in hope of obtaining a fresh supply of water, find it surrounded by a hostile tribe, and be compelled to hide at a distance, sometimes perhaps till it is too late. At night the only bed for himself and his family must be the desert sand: no tent must protect them from the chill night winds, for that might betray him to enemies who are ever on the watch to capture and enslave him and his dear ones.

The Bedawee before us has made his dispositions for a halt at evening, on this journey over the far-reaching and trackless desert. The tired camel, the "ship" of the sandy seas, being brought to a stand, lies down; and the man, according to custom, has "hobbled" one of his legs to prevent the creature rising when freed from his living load, and bolting, leaving those behind to perish. The mother, also, has been giving suck to her babe; when, lo! on the horizon suddenly loom, through the gathering mists of evening, the forms of horsemen; they swiftly approach, they charge towards the inoffensive travellers with levelled lances and hostile gestures; they are evidently marauders of the desert, bent on robbery and ready for murder. There is no possibility of escape—there is nothing to be done but to stand on the defensive. So the man steps courageously forth with his firelock, his finger on the trigger; he must not miss his aim, for there will be no time to reload, and he will be unequally matched, with only his sword to parry the lance-thrusts. But his heart will not fail him; his thrust is in Allah, and, to give the words of Shakspeare quoted by Mr. Haag:

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.

Woe to the assailant who approaches too near! In all likelihood, however, they will sheer off on seeing the bold front of their intended victim. Meanwhile the wife (whose beauty may be the chief cause of the attack) seeks shelter for herself and child beside the camel as behind

a castle wall. She is naturally alarmed; but she trusts in the well-trying bravery of her lord, and she presses her babe to her bosom, prepared to die in its defence. This picture, though of a desert scene, may suggest analogies with human life generally under all conditions; for is not man the natural head, protector, and defender of his family? Is not woman his confiding, faithful companion, and a devoted, tender mother to her offspring?

NEWS NOTES.

Bismarck is slowly recovering health on his estate at Varzin.

The Carlists have completely invested the town of Hernani.

Caleb Cushing, the American Minister, was received officially by Marshal Serrano.

The sale and circulation of the *Siecle* newspaper has been prohibited in several departments.

Prince Napoleon has been nominated for the Assembly in the Department of Charente Inférieure and Seine.

At a meeting of the Left, it was resolved that the motion for the dissolution of the Assembly should be pressed, and that the overtures should be made to other sections of the chamber to secure their co-operation in the movement.

Rumors that Germany seeks to disturb the Luxembourg Treaty and to revive the candidature of a German Prince for the Spanish throne, which have been for some days in circulation throughout Europe, are considered to be wholly without foundation.

The Canadian Commissioner at Washington has sent a partial draft of the proposed Reciprocity Treaty to Ottawa, and the Government approves of the general features thereof. Senator Brown will shortly return to Canada, but is endeavoring to secure several modifications.

A serious riot has occurred in Limerick. A mob of 1,000 persons attacked a party of militia. The police defended the latter, and were stoned by the rioters. Reinforcements arrived from the stations, and the riot was finally suppressed, after a considerable number had been injured.

Henri Rochefort has arrived at New York accompanied by Messrs. Oliver Sain and George Benedic, fellow refugees. They declined all formal receptions from representatives of the French Societies assembled to meet them, and went in a carriage to the hotel, where they remained quietly, denying themselves to numerous visitors who called.

The celebration of Queen Victoria's birthday, which as is customary in London, occurs on the Saturday following the 24th May, took place on the 30th. All the Government departments were closed, and the streets were thronged with people. The Guards were reviewed in St. James' Park by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge. Flags were flying from all points, and bells were ringing. At night the city was illuminated.

The class races at Harvard University, were very largely attended. The scull race was won by P. Dana; time, 16 minutes. The second race, between two crews of Juniors and Sophomores, was won by the former in 15 minutes, 41 seconds. Both the above races were two miles. The last race, three miles, between the University Sophomores, Scientifics and Freshmen, six-oared crews, was won by the former in 20 minutes, 13½ seconds. Weather fine, water smooth.

WISE EXPENDITURE.—This is an extravagant age—a fact never more plainly demonstrated than by the reckless expenditure of our young folk. The average boy and girl of to-day completely fail to understand the value of money, and spend recklessly whatever portion chances to come into their hands; and as the boy is, so the man must be. No doubt in many persons there are what may be called hereditary ideas about money; some are born frugal, others extravagant; and be the circumstances of life what they may, the original bias will assert itself from the nursery to the grave. But a great deal may be done by carefully educating children in the true value of money as a means to an end. There are various ways of doing it, and some of them will at first be disappointing. Different characters must be differently treated, and an age which might be suitable for one young person to be trusted with money might be very unsuitable for another. You begin to give your boy an allowance, with much good advice on the right way of spending it, and you are mortified, when he returns from his first vacation to find that you have to pay the money twice over; for his allowance is all spent—he really does not know how—and the bills which it ought to have paid are sent home to you. Well, give him a sharp scolding; be sure not to let him think you feel him capable of having wilfully deceived you; cheerfully trust him again, and the chances are it is the last time it will occur. If it is good for lads to be gradually trained to the use of money, it is quite as important for girls. Not only is it an additional interest in their life, but it prepares them for the time when they will have to keep house for a husband or a brother; and it is a constant opportunity of secret self-denial to devout hearts, that love to spare what they can for Providence,

FIRST LOVE.

First Love! it is the glad green isle
In the weary waste of years,
Lit by the morning star of Hope,
Or bathed with holy tears.

Through the care, the change, of passing
life,
It shines out clear and fair;
As if some radiant spirit's wing
Had left its glory there.

Speak of it in the glittering crowd
And mark the mournful sigh,
The drooping of the bearing proud,
The sorrow-shaded eye.

See the hot tears that quickly steal
To dim rare Beauty's glance:
The faltering step of the fairest form,
In the gay and graceful dance.

Listen to Memory's deep, sad voice,
In the warrior stern and brave;
Oh! e'en earth's laurelled conquerors
Have wept o'er Love's low grave!

Breathe a loved word of other times,
A long-forgotten name,
To the gifted one so proudly crowned
With the meteor-wreath of fame!

There's not a heart—however worn
With the troubled things of earth—
No brow arrayed with lonely grief,
Or smiles of fitful mirth,

But hath been lit with Love's bright glow,
In the vanished days of youth:
No life that hath not breathed a vow
Of tenderness and truth.

HELEN'S STRATAGEM.

BY R. H. S.

Helen Graves was my father's ward. She came to our house after the death of her mother, who had been a widow for some years. She was a tall, shy girl of eleven. Before I saw her I pitied her, because of her orphanage; after our introduction I remember how my pity for her was enhanced by the sadness of her countenance and the singular plainness of her aspect. Her figure, lean and angular then, was far from being handsome, and her sallow face and irregular features, lit only by two great cavernous dark eyes, that gleamed out from under their heavy brows in a way that startled one, and set the fancy busy with thoughts of what sort of soul it could be that should so signal itself to the outer world—her face, I say, which could by no stretch of the imagination be called beautiful.

I was sixteen then, an only child, much petted indeed, but beginning already to feel the loneliness which is often the lot of only children. I had been kept much apart from playmates of my own age by my parents, and was therefore of purer mind and less worldly than, if my observations are correct, boys usually are at that age. I was also thoroughly inexperienced. I had always wanted a sister; of late years I had grown to feel quite abused that fate had not granted what it seemed to me was my very reasonable desire. So when it had first been told me that Helen was coming to be an inmate of our home, I had built some very fanciful hopes upon the circumstance. These hopes, I grieve to say, were all dispelled at the sight of this very plain Miss Graves who was ushered into our family circle one cold December evening.

The sister that I had pictured to myself was a beautiful girl with a sunny smile and lovely flowing flaxen ringlets—a girl who could wear white muslin frocks and blue ribbons with perfect grace even in midwinter.

I sighed a little over the failure of my hopes. I think I should even have sulked a little, if the sadness of Miss Helen's countenance had not woke my pity and touched my better nature. I remember trying hard during that evening to engage our new inmate in conversation, but without success. Mamma said it was because she was stupid. I was therefore quite surprised, next morning, when I entered the schoolroom, to find her there before me, and engaged in an animated conversation with Mr. Dalnich, our tutor.

"Why," I said, having bidden her good-morning, "you are early. I think it argues well for your industry to find you here in such good season. I fancied you would not commence study still after the holidays."

Miss Helen's face had been very bright, I almost thought it eager, when I entered, but her eyes drooped now, and a painful flush mounted to her forehead. Mr. Dalnich kindly covered her embarrassment by replying:

"I find, Master Paul, that Miss Helen has the habit of promptness in study. She already so nearly rivals you in her Latin, that I warn you you will have to take hold in earnest if you expect to distance her. In mathematics I would not advise you to measure yourself with her at all; and as for latitude and longitude, I know not who has taught it to her, but she knows as much about the world as if she had made it!"

Here was a sister indeed!

"Why," I said, looking at Miss Helen, I fear,

a little coldly, "you must indeed have been industrious to have made such proficiency at your age."

Helen found courage to reply, in a quivering voice:

"Mr. Dalnich is flattering me. There is no danger that you will find in me a rival."
"But I know Mr. Dalnich better than you," I said, "and I know he never flatters his pupils—at least his young gentlemen pupils. I own I have yet to learn his habits where young ladies are concerned."

Mr. Dalnich smiled, and to soothe my amour-propre said:

"I have taken the liberty, Master Paul, to show your portfolio of drawings to Miss Helen, and she admired them vastly."

"Oh, they are charming!" said Helen. "I never admired anything so much. And I have never taken drawing lessons, and, what is more, have no gift in that direction."

"Oh," I said, more flattered than you could believe by this simple speech, "these drawings are nothing. You must come into my studio some day and see my crayons. I am commencing likewise to sketch in oil. I hope you will be interested in that also."

"There is no doubt of it," said Helen, eagerly. "Mamma often wished that I could know more of pictures. I hope I shall please you well enough, so that you will be willing to teach me."

"Papa and Mr. Dalnich know many artists," I replied, "and no doubt you and mamma will some time make the tour of the studios and art galleries."

"Yes, I know," said Helen, with unsophisticated eagerness. "Mamma has told me about them, but she said they were nothing beside the great galleries which she had seen abroad, at the Louvre and the Vatican."

Mr. Dalnich smiled at her rapid speech, and even I began to feel myself warming a little towards such enthusiasm for my favorite pursuit.

But at dinner the glow was all gone, and she was the same prim, shy, dull girl that she had been the evening before. I soon found, however, that Mr. Dalnich had been right. Miss Helen was quite inclined to lead me a race in the schoolroom. Indeed, after a little, I grew to console myself for her easy victories by thinking that art was after all to be my vocation, and here I had the field quite to myself. Helen would never be an artist, but still in every department of art, except that of actual accomplishment, her industry was wonderful.

The next year, however, I entered college somewhat in advance, and at twenty I went abroad to study. I spent three years at Rome and Florence, made the tour of Europe, sketched a little under Oriental skies, and came home just turned of twenty-four, in my own estimation, at least, a promising artist and a travelled man of the world.

During my college years Helen and I had kept up a semi-occasional, semi-fraternal kind of correspondence. I think my letters had been at times touched with the sentiment common to boys in their later teens, but hers had always been simple and frank epistles, in which not even boyish self-love could discover the slightest tinge of rose-color. She was sixteen when I went abroad, and then the letters ceased entirely. Mamma indeed used to hint to me of the eagerness with which Helen devoured the endless pages of description which I sent home for her delectation; and now and then there were enthusiastic paragraphs concerning Helen's wonderful improvement both in mind and appearance—her manners had always been unexceptionable. But I was absorbed in Titian and Paul Veronese, Madonnas and Saint Cecilia's, with, if the truth must be told, now and then a stray glance for pretty German peasant girls or Italian contadine, and was troubled with few thoughts of what might befall my shy foster-sister at home.

The train reached the terminus at ten o'clock in the morning. I remember well my father's hearty greeting, the eager look of his eyes into mine, the cordial pressure of his hand, and I am not sure but a treacherous moisture about his eyes as well; and I can never forget how thoroughly glad I was to be at home once more.

"Let us hurry away from here," said papa. "Get your luggage as soon as may be, and then we must hasten to you mamma. She is waiting in the carriage. I could not keep her at home."

"I am glad you did not, I am sure. Dear mamma! how is she looking?"

"Handsomer than ever," said my father. "You cannot imagine how gray hair becomes her. And Helen is just the dearest, loveliest girl. I am impatient for you to see her. I'll promise you she will eclipse anything you've seen in all Europe."

I laughed a little, but cherished a private doubt.

I another moment I was at the carriage door, and mamma had her arms around my neck, and was sobbing on my shoulder. All the way home she could not do nothing but admire me and rejoice in me, after the manner of mothers. But just as we were leaving the carriage she said:

"I wonder where Helen is. I thought she would certainly be at the door to welcome us."

"Indeed," I said playfully, "I am jealous of Miss Helen. I think she has been improving her opportunities during my absence."

And then mamma broke out into the most rapturous description. It was a clear case of domestic infatuation, I thought, and still I was glad that during my absence my dear parents had been so comforted.

"Where's Miss Helen?" said mamma, rather

impatiently, to the servant who met us at the door.

"She has gone to Miss Martineau's to spend the day," was the reply. "She bade me tell you, ma'am, that she should be home for dinner."

"Perverse creature!" said mamma, a little vexed; "and she knew how anxious I was to hear what you thought of her."

At that moment light broke into my mind.

"I think it was very delicate and thoughtful of her," I said, "to give us this first day all to ourselves. I am sure, mamma, I am very glad to have no stranger near."

"Oh, but," said mamma, "Helen is no stranger. She is just the dearest child—"

"Stop, now, mamma," I said, "or I shall certainly grow jealous. I thought I was the dearest child."

"Oh, you foolish boy, so of course you are, but—"

"See here, mamma, what I have brought you," I interrupted, secretly a little weary of this enthusiasm. It was a case of antique jewellery, which I had bought in Rome.

"It is elegant," said mamma, "and in such perfect taste. And what have you for—the other members of the family?"

"Oh, there are dozens of things for you and papa," I said. "I've been laying up treasures for you these whole four years; and, let me see, I think I bought a fan in Paris, for Miss Helen."

Mamma looked grieved.

"Paul," she said, a little soberly, "these ornaments are too youthful for me; let me beg you to present them to Helen."

"No, mamma," I said. "It is not so bad as that. Papa has been so generous to me that I need not despoil you of your jewellery because of my forgetfulness of Miss Helen's claims. See, here is an antique Egyptian bronze—a thing which would cost a fortune in this country, but which I got for a trifle in a little Italian town. Put that upon her mantel with my card, while she is gone; it will save the trouble of a formal presentation."

Mamma was delighted. It was done as I had suggested, and the fan was laid upon her dressing bureau. And then there was a season of peace concerning Miss Helen.

Toward evening I strolled out with papa. Meeting some old artist friends I went upon a cruise with them, and it was so late before I reached home that I had barely time for a hasty toilet before the dinner-bell rang. I went rapidly down the staircase and entered the drawing-room with an apology upon my lips.

I am and always have been a tolerably self-possessed young man, but you can scarcely imagine my surprise as I entered the drawing-room. My parents, whom I had expected to find, where not there, but in place of them were two young ladies, both surpassingly handsome, and neither of whom, it seemed to me, could I ever have set eyes upon before.

The one who advanced to me was a tall, superb creature, with a figure lithe and flexible as a lily stem, yet admirably rounded. Her features were not regular, but her eyes, hair, complexion, teeth were all magnificent. She might have—in fact for an instant I fancied she had—stepped out of one of Murillo's pictures. She wore a simple but elegant costume of black silk; there was a rose at her throat, a golden arrow in her hair, and on one finger gleamed a handsome solitaire diamond. Her manner as she advanced toward me was queenly and her greeting most delicate and dignified.

"It gives me infinite pleasure to welcome you home, Mr. Vernon," she said. "Let me present my friend, Miss Martineau."

"It is Miss Graves," I said, after I had greeted Miss Martineau with so much of dignity as I could muster. "Pardon, but at first I could not believe my own eyes. I was not aware that even Time, who is a wondrous magician, as we all know could bring about such transformations. You have grown beautiful, Helen."

Her color rose a trifle, but her self-possession was perfect. Miss Martineau spoke.

"Ah, Mr. Vernon," she said, "you are not the first who has made that discovery. Helen has scores of worshippers."

"That is not difficult at all to imagine," I replied; "indeed it is of the nature of a self-evident truth."

But you must see Miss Martineau.

She was a delicate, fairy-like creature—a pure blonde, her hair just spun gold, neither a trace of silver nor of auburn in it. It was crimped all about her brows in the fashion of the day, and piled in massy coils upon the top of her head. Her face was like nothing else in the world but a crumpled rose-bud, her mouth a Cupid's bow, and her eyes the quivers where he kept his most precious arrows. She defied description; you took a sense of her through the pores rather than by way of the brain. Helen transfixed one with her Juno-like glances but Miss Martineau—"Nettie," her friend called her—just bewitched and enchanted one.

Mamma came in that instant, and was not long in discovering the trouble I was in, and, with the usual fatuity of elderly ladies, she made sure that it was Helen who had been my undoing, and her whole motherly soul glowed with delight.

At dinner I was placed between the two young ladies. Helen's brilliant society manner soon exhaled itself, however, and she relapsed into something which reminded me of her first dinner in our house. There was a trace of the same shy reserve, I thought, though not her worst enemy could call her dull, and her face had even a more noble and dignified beauty in repose than when lighted.

But Nettie Martineau surpassed all women whom I had ever seen. She was, at a moment, the one woman of all the world for me. She seemed to me just an exquisite French marquise of the ancient régime stepped down from her canvas in the Louvre, with all the mingling of voluptuous charm and the finer fascination of esprit about her which characterized the court of the Grand Monarch. Sensuous grace, historic charm and cultured æsthetic training, all combined to make her irresistible.

After dinner came music. Helen played well, and had a fine contralto voice, but Miss Martineau's clear, bird-like soprano was melody itself. I fancied that till that moment I had never found a voice exactly suited to my own deep baritone, and duet followed duet, Helen kindly playing the accompaniments.

It was ten o'clock when Helen rose from the piano. I fancy that she looked a little weary, but she denied the imputation, and I made ready to see Miss Martineau home.

"Since you and Miss Graves are such firm friends," I said, as we were parting, "I shall hope to be admitted also to the charmed circle of your admirers. We shall meet often, I trust."

"Oh, no doubt of it," she said; "at least for the present," she added, smiling archly. "By-and-bye, when society engrosses you, as it will be certain to do, you will have other employment besides dancing attendance upon your foster-sister's little friend."

"We shall see whether or not you are a prophet," I said. "I shall beg your pardon for indulging a doubt on that subject."

So, with a merry "good-night," we parted.

For the next week Miss Martineau filled all my thoughts. I had intended to give myself some weeks of leisure before fitting up my studio and commencing work, but I became suddenly possessed with the idea of painting Miss Martineau's portrait, and made haste to get a room in order for the purpose.

She was delighted with the idea, as all pretty women are with the opportunity of contemplating their own charms for the space of some weeks, and woman-like, she insisted that Helen should be present at all the sittings.

My poor Helen! I can see now what a trial it was which she was forced to undergo, but at that time I had only eyes and ears for Miss Martineau. Helen, with her magnificent beauty and her noble, ardent soul, was for me then a sealed volume. Having eyes, I saw not; having ears, I heard not.

The studio which I had improvised was now the scene of my happiest hours. It was fitted up, I flattered myself, with more of taste and elegance than is usually found in the dens of even the dilettanti. The designing of my furniture and the disposition of my foreign treasures cost me many a wakeful midnight hour; but the lovely figure of Miss Martineau flitting through and brightening every transformation of the scene, more than repaid me for my labor and anxiety.

The angel of my dreams was to be painted in the costume of a Watteau shepherdess. I fancied that I should find the greatest triumph of my art in the mingling of the innocent archness of poetical maiden with the elegant comprehension of the woman of the world. I gave weeks of study to the elaboration of that idea, and experienced the greatest surprise, when I had succeeded in transferring the result to the canvas, that it did not in the least resemble Miss Martineau. I remember saying to her, as she strove to console me, that after all it was no marvel than an artist who was merely human should fail in the attempt to put an angel upon canvas. She was delighted with the compliment.

My insane dream prolonged itself for weeks to the extreme vexation of my parents. Still Miss Martineau was eligible, and if I would not listen to reason and accept the wife of their choice, they were evidently capable of making the best of what they still considered a bad bargain, and crowning my folly with their blessing.

And Helen? Really I do not care to retrace that period, and imagine what must have been Helen's mental estimate of me at that time. I shall therefore hasten to the event which proved the crisis of my fate.

I have said Miss Martineau had insisted, from the first, that Helen should accompany her in her visits to my studio, but after my first lamentable failure she must have seen that Helen was a trifle bored by this constant reiteration of Miss Martineau's charms and my own adoration of them. It had been decided that in the second attempt the character should be changed. Miss Martineau was to represent upon the canvas the Spirit of Poetry. She was to be painted from a side view, her eyes upturned, her lovely golden hair floating down her back, and a harp in her hands. It seemed to me that this was exactly the position to bring out the full charm of her face and figure. She was to be enveloped in white drapery, and a broad blue girdle was to give character and effect to the coloring.

When this had been determined upon Helen drove down with her friend, and having assisted at the posing and arranging of my subject with her usual taste and skill, barely said that she had business which would occupy her for an hour, after which she would return and take Nettie home with her in the carriage. So Miss Martineau and I had that sitting all to ourselves.

I sketched the figure in quite to my liking that morning, and Nettie had reinvested herself in her street costume, and was waiting for Helen, who for some reason was detained

longer that she had anticipated, when suddenly visitors were announced. I confess that I was vexed; never were visitors more inopportune, I thought. However, I could not do less than be civil.

It was Bob Montgomery and some of his wild foreign friends, for Bob had lived in all parts of the world, and made himself free of the fastest society wherever he went. They were gentlemen all of them, however, and I found it difficult to account for the swift and painful blush of embarrassment which rose to Miss Martineau's face as she witnessed their entrance. Introductions not being in order, however, I did not think it strange that she should immediately withdraw, and the curious glance which one of the party bent upon her as she left and the significant and half-questioning expression of his face when his eye met mine, I attributed simply to her wonderful beauty and the fact of our tête-à-tête interview.

After her departure I proceeded to do the honors of the studio with such grace as I could command. In less than five minutes the door opened again, however, this time to admit Helen.

"Ah," I said, "you are late. Miss Martineau grew tired of waiting, and has already gone. I may not be home for lunch, so don't let them keep the table waiting."

"Grant me one moment," she said. "I want to see your sketch."

I thought this rather strange, but immediately produced the canvas, which had been set aside with its face to the wall.

"Ah!" said Bob Montgomery, "you paint portraits, do you, Vernon? I was not aware of that."

"Oh," replied, "this is a mere fancy sketch. I do no real work in that line, but Miss Martineau's face struck me, and I wished to make a study of it."

I spoke the more freely from knowing that Montgomery had some acquaintance with Nettie.

Helen had finished her inspection of the sketch by this time, and left. The gentlemen immediately began to criticize it.

"Ah, it is the young lady who left as we entered," said Costar, the Spaniard, whose gaze had brought the flush to Miss Martineau's face. "She is very beautiful. You are fortunate."

I did not choose to hear Miss Martineau commented upon by this style of man, so I hastily put away the sketch, and directed attention to certain rare paintings which I had brought with me from abroad.

But Costar was not to be so easily diverted from his theme.

"By the way," he said, "was it not a Miss Martineau of whom you were telling us, Montgomery, who kept the gossips' tongues in play last winter in Havana? By George, is this the girl, she's handsome enough to give rise to a dozen duels."

"Well," said Montgomery, coolly, "your guess is a very good one. It was the fair Nettie herself who kept all Havana aglow with gossip for three months. But I have not cared to interfere with any of her little games here so, I have never mentioned the matter in society."

"And I must beg," I said, a little haughtily, "that you will refrain from comment of that sort in my presence. Miss Martineau is my friend, and it is as a favor to me that she consents to sit for her portrait. I cannot, therefore, in honor, listen to any reflections upon her conduct, whatever it may have been."

Nettie might have been a trifle indiscreet, no doubt, and in Spanish society a frank indiscretion is far worse than any number of midnight intrigues. But these were men with whom no one could gain anything by quarrelling, and I thought it wise to refrain from questions.

I went from the studio, however, directly to Miss Martineau's home, determined to assure her that if any difficulty should arise out of such gossip as Bob Montgomery might be inclined to spread, that I should stand by her through it all.

I found her in tears.

"I am in such distress, Mr. Vernon," she said. "Two years ago I spent a winter in Havana for my health. I had the misfortune to meet Mr. Montgomery there, and you will ask me how, but certainly not by any evil deed, to offend him. I was young and far away from friends. I suppose I did not manage the matter discreetly. At any rate, I know that I made him my enemy, and he is a man capable of taking any revenge. You will not wonder, then, that the sight of him this morning has caused me the deepest pain. Oh, what did he tell you?"

"Miss Martineau," I said, you wrong me if you suppose that I would allow any unfavorable comment upon your character in my presence, especially from men of the stamp of Mr. Montgomery and his friends. I know nothing, and am content to know nothing, except that I love you, and should deem it only too great an honor and pleasure to vindicate your fair fame, if it were assailed, before all the world, and so perhaps make good my right to ask the priceless gift of your heart and hand."

I had not quite meant to say that, but Miss Martineau's tears and evidently disturbed emotions had hurried me on.

She only sobbed still more, and it was not without much coaxing, and no end of entreaties and vows, that I won a confession that she was not indifferent to my regard, and that, in short, I might venture to hope that she would one day be my wife.

I went home trying to feel in a seventh heaven of delight, yet obliged to confess to some inward perturbations. One does like to feel that the angel of one's dreams is altogether removed

from the plane and influence of such men as Bob Montgomery and his clique. I did not mention my engagement that day either to my parents or Helen. Another day would do as well, I thought. I needed time to become acquainted with my own happiness. Moreover, I could but notice a change in Helen's manner towards me, which I could not comprehend. She grew singularly capricious. At one moment kind, almost melting in her manner, the next hard and cold as marble. I was both puzzled and embarrassed.

Three days had elapsed since my engagement, and as yet I had not spoken of it to any one, but Helen I felt sure had suspected it. Possibly Nettie had herself told her, though I hardly thought it. On the third evening, however, we were invited to a party at Mr. Loutrell's. It had seemed at first that another engagement would prevent my attendance, and I had excused myself to Nettie. Late in the evening, however, I found myself unexpectedly free, and making a hasty toilet, I presented myself in Mrs. Loutrell's magnificent drawing-rooms. It was a very large reception, and though I had no difficulty in finding mamma and Helen, Miss Martineau escaped me utterly. At last, rather reluctantly, I inquired of Helen.

She turned a little pale.

"I cannot say where she may be now," she replied, "but it is not long since I saw her near the door of the conservatory."

That was a useful hint. I had forgotten the conservatory. In another instant I was treading my way through the long aisles of greenery. Presently I heard a voice upon the other side of a stand of plants whose accents were familiar.

"Oh, Robert," she said, "you must be more discreet. Remember what I have given up for your sake, how I have put my whole future in your hands, and be noble, be considerate. In return for all that I have endured for you I only ask silence, discretion. He is madly infatuated with me, and once we are married, all will be well."

I waited to hear no more, but rushing out of the house, took my way quickly home. I slept little that night. A thousand emotions contended in my soul for the mastery. Shame, mortification, wounded self-love, and something too of pity and sympathy for poor Nettie, overwhelmed me. Long before morning I had concluded that I had never loved her; or, if I had, the being to whom my vows had been pledged was innocent and truthful, not a painted hypocrite. And yet she was very fair, and to the last I always deplored the fate which had turned her aside from the straight paths of rectitude and truthfulness.

The question which pressed upon me with greatest force was, how should I break my discovery to Nettie herself, and free myself from her chains? In my despair one saving thought occurred to me. I would go to Helen. True, she had been changeable of late, but in that moment, when my faith in womanhood had received so severe a shock, a sudden clairvoyance came to me. There were women, and women. The waves and billows of temptation might sweep over and destroy weak natures like Nettie Martineau, but a soul like Helen's would tower above them like a sentinel tower above the breakers. She was faithful, she was true.

To Helen, therefore, I betook myself. I found her in our little sitting-room, busy with some feminine occupation which made her seem more than ever like a household divinity, a woman made to trust.

"Helen," I said, after a brief salutation. "I have come to you for advice. I am in singular trouble, and I need a helping hand. Will you give it me?"

I spoke very humbly. There was nothing of conceit or bombast in my manner. She looked up to me with a tearful face.

"My dear Paul," she said, "I know your trouble, and it is my trouble also, since but for me you might never have known Nettie Martineau. Will you believe that I have been as much deceived in her as you, and that it was only upon that unfortunate morning when I left her in your studio that I became aware of her true character? Since then I have not known a moment's peace."

"But, tell me," I said, "how you became acquainted with the secret?"

"It was the most curious chance," she replied. "While I was shopping I grew suddenly faint, and stepped into a restaurant for a cup of coffee. It happened that I chose a seat which was partly behind a screen, and while I waited for my coffee the same group of gentlemen entered whom I afterwards saw in your studio. They seated themselves near me, probably without noticing me, and commenced a very unguarded conversation. I soon discovered that one of their party had been drinking too much, and resolved as soon as I could to leave the neighborhood; but the room was crowded, and before I could find a vacant place I caught the name of Nettie Martineau and in the next breath the speaker, who was Montgomery, applied such epithets to her as made me hold my breath with indignation. My first impression was that the whole thing was false, a perfect libel, but in an instant certain corroborating circumstances occurred to me, and it flashed upon me that it was all true. In another instant I thought of you, and it seemed to me that I should faint."

Helen buried her face in her hands and wept so convulsively that I was amazed. I had not believed her capable of so much feeling. Neither could I, at that moment, at all understand why she should so afflict herself. To some expression of that feeling, she replied:

"Oh, you do not know how culpable I feel.

Nettie was my friend. I introduced you to her, and if it had not been for me, you would never have been called to suffer this anguish. I had loved and trusted her; I know what it is to feel that trust misplaced, and if I suffer, what, alas! must be your pangs? Oh, Paul, forgive me."

"Dear Helen," I said, "you forget that I am a man, and quite able to bear the pain which has been brought upon me through my own folly. I, too, am sorry for Nettie, but we may both remember that we cannot know all the circumstances which may have surrounded her and conspired to her ruin. I know Montgomery, and I know that he is a man who would hesitate at no villainy. Let us be charitable, and withdraw ourselves from her society with as little demonstration as possible."

"Oh, Paul," said Helen, drying her tears and looking at me with all her soul in her eyes, "you are so noble! How can I ever forgive myself for all I have brought upon you?"

I could not quite understand this constant self-accusing, but I said:

"Indeed, dear Helen, there is nothing whatever to forgive. I came to you hoping for comfort and help, and you have given me both. My way is very clear to me now. I shall write to Nettie to-day. Has she told you that we are engaged?"

"Oh, yes," said Helen, sadly. "I knew it all. You may forgive me, Paul, but how can I ever forgive myself?"

"As I was saying, I shall write her to-day the simple truth. That I was an unwilling witness of some part of her interview with Montgomery. That I do not know, or even imagine, what may have passed between them formerly, except that it was something of a nature to make it impossible that she should be my wife. And indeed it may have been only a clandestine intimacy, for which the poor girl ought not to be too severely punished. I shall assure her of my entire discretion in the matter, but insist that all relations between us, except those of simple acquaintance, must cease at once. And, oh, Helen, it will be such a relief when it is all over, and I am free again! I feel as though I had been going through some kind of nightmare."

I carried out my intentions to the letter. That evening Nettie sent for Helen, and the two had a long conference together.

"Paul," said Helen, to me afterwards, "you were right; the poor girl is to be pitied as much as blamed, and though I cannot love her as I used, I shall not wholly withdraw my friendship from her. I believe she means now to live an upright life, and far be it from me to lay one straw in her pathway. She was away from home, an indiscreet young thing, and by the villainy of Montgomery she was entrapped into improprieties which might well have ruined her reputation if they had been publicly known. Ah! Paul, think what might have happened to me, if I had not had this protecting home and these loving parents."

"No, Helen," I said, "it could never have happened that you should have placed yourself in a false position toward a man so vile as Montgomery. You can never make me believe that. All the same, I am willing to sympathize with Nettie, and befriend her so far as may be."

From that time Helen and I were dear and intimate friends, though there were still occasions when I felt that there was some mystery between us which I could not penetrate. At last, one golden autumn evening, sitting in her little room, and reading Camoens to her, there came upon me an impulse which I could not resist.

"Helen," I said, "why need there be any longer a veil between us? I love you—will you be my wife?"

To my surprise, she burst into a flood of weeping.

"Oh, Paul," she said, "will you bear with me while I tell you the whole truth? It hurts my pride sorely. I have a deadly fear that it will lose me your friendship, but I cannot help it. I shall never know peace of mind again until I tell you all. Long before you ever thought of me, except as a sister, it seemed to me that you were the only man whom I could ever love. From my childhood up I have never for an instant dreamed of loving any other. I ceased corresponding with you because I feared that I should unwittingly betray my secret. I anticipated your return home with secret rapture. Yet when I saw how determined your parents were that you should be pleased with me and only with me, I said, 'I will not be thrust upon him an unwelcome bride. He shall not even know that I have ever cared for him; nay, more, I will try him thoroughly before I yield to any persuasions to become his wife. I will not take a husband upon sufferance. I will be loved.' It was for this reason that I absented myself upon the occasion of your arrival; that I brought Nettie Martineau home with me, and planned to throw you in her way as much as I could."

"I confess that I suffered when I saw that you were likely to be attracted by her, but that was nothing to the agony I endured when I found how near I had been to wrecking your happiness. For during your intimacy I had learned that Nettie Martineau was not the woman to make any proud, pure-hearted man happy. When at last I learned the worst, I could not rest day or night. I feared to tell you the truth and not to tell you were impossible. Fortunately I was spared the humiliation of confessing all to you before your mind was prepared for the shock, and so you were able to forgive me. I saw Nettie and Montgomery go

into the conservatory at Mrs. Loutrell's, and purposely sent you there to find them. Providence was kinder to me than I had been to myself or to you, and brought us out of a great peril. Knowing it all, can you still ask me to be your wife?"

I need not tell you my answer. It is sufficient to say that we were then and there betrothed, and that before we slept our parents were made happy by the intelligence that the dream of their old age would be accomplished, and that Helen would become their daughter indeed.

TREASURES.

Friendship is a precious treasure—
Use it well!

Joy 'twill give you without measure;
Slight it not, and never blindly
Treat it coldly or unkindly—
Use it well!

Honor is a priceless jewel—
Use it well!

It is never cold and cruel;
It is warm, and kind, and cheering,
Noble, steadfast, and endearing—
Use it well!

Truth's a treasure great and glorious—
Use it well!

It will make your work victorious;
Better far its riches olden
Than the wealth that's merely golden—
Use it well!

Courage is a mighty treasure—
Use it well!

It will give you strength and pleasure;
It will drive away all sadness
By the conquering power of gladness—
Use it well!

Hope's a gem with light undying—
Use it well!

While the hours are swiftly flying,
Let its talismanic beauty
Lead you on through paths of duty—
Use it well!

Moments are life's richest treasures—
Use them well!

They will bring eternal pleasures,
If we never treat them lightly,
But improve them ever rightly—
Use them well!

THE WHITE JAPONICA.

"Are there no white japonicas, Morris?"

"No, Miss Helena. I never had my greenhouse so back'ard afore at this season of the year. There are white roses enough, and a Cape jessamine as is—"

"I don't care for the roses and jessamines," sharply retorted Miss Esmayne. "I want a white japonica to wear in my hair to-night."

Morris, the gardener, shook his head.

"I don't know as there's one to be had in town, miss, for love or money."

"It's always just so," pouted the spoiled beauty, "when I set my heart on anything. If I can't have a white japonica, I won't go!"

And Helena Esmayne flounced out of the pretty little conservatory that opened from the second drawing-room with a spiteful fling that broke off the heads of two carnations and knocked down a pot of pink azaleas.

And then, considering over the details of her evening toilette, she bethought herself of a piece of yellow and priceless old point lace which she had sent to be mended.

"I may as well go and get that," she said to herself; "anything to pass away the time, and I do really need it for my dress to-night. Kate Buckingham hasn't got such a piece of lace in all her wardrobe."

"Of course Lucy Lee will charge enormously—all those lace menders do. I can't see where their consciences are. But I suppose I shall have to pay it. People seem to think that because papa is rich, they can impose on him all they wish."

So Miss Esmayne got, grumbling, into her carriage, and drove, rumbling, off to the poor little shabby-genteel house where Lucy Lee starved at her needle, and tried to think she was not so badly off as some of her neighbors.

Lucy was slight and fragile, with yellow hair that glimmered like pale gold in the colorless March sunshine, and two hectic spots glowed on her cheeks.

But Miss Esmayne took no note of these; neither did she heed the sepulchral cough, which ever and anon shook the girl's frame.

"Well," said she ungraciously, "I suppose you've finished that lace?"

"Yes, Miss Esmayne."

"My goodness gracious!" cried Helena, turning around with a sudden jerk, as her eye fell on something in the window which had hitherto escaped its vision, "where did you get such a beautiful white japonica?"

It stood there in the window with its heart of snow rising up from among dark-green polished leaves, and Lucy's cheek flushed with conscious pride as she looked at it.

"I raised it from a slip," she said. "To-morrow is my little consumptive nephew's birthday. The flower is for him."

"I want just such a flower for my hair to-

night," said Miss Helena Esmayne, greedily. "I'll give you a shilling for it, Lucy."

The lace-mender's pale cheek flushed even redder than before.

"I could not sell it, indeed, Miss Esmayne," she answered.

"Five shillings then. Come, I'll say seven shillings for that one flower," persisted Helena.

"Miss Esmayne," said Lucy, "I have watched that bud for weeks, and everytime I looked at it, little Benny was in my thoughts. Benny never saw a japonica in bloom. He's passionately fond of flowers, and if I should miss carrying that blossom to his bedside to-morrow, it would be a greater disappointment than either of us could bear."

"That's all idle nonsense," angrily retorted Helena. "Poor folks should not set their hearts on such expensive luxuries. 'You'll let me have it—I don't mind saying ten shillings.'"

"Money could not buy it, Miss Esmayne," said Lucy, quietly. "Yes, I know what you say is quite true—we are poor—but we have our natural feelings and affections just the same as you rich people. 'You cannot have my white japonica.'"

"Very well—very well!" said Miss Esmayne, tossing her head. "Just as you please, Lucy Lee; but it's the last lace-mending you'll ever get from me. Give me the lace, please. I can't stand here chaffering all day!"

And she flung the money upon the table.

As Lucy Lee stood with her back to her employer, taking the finished work out of a drawer, a sudden sparkle came into the heiress's eyes.

Leaving forward, with a scarcely perceptible movement, she suddenly snapped the regal flower from its stem and slipped it into her muff.

"Here is the lace, Miss Esmayne," said Lucy, "I took a great deal of pains with it, and hope you will be suited."

Miss Esmayne muttered some scarcely audible reply and swept out of the room.

And Lucy, all unconscious of her loss, sat down to a ragged piece of Mechlin lace.

Helena Esmayne drew the flower out from its hiding-place and surveyed it with pride, as she went down the stairs.

"I was determined to have it—and I've got it," said she to herself. "The airs and graces these poor people take upon themselves, to be sure! Oh, Dr. Edelin, is that you? Who would have thought of meeting you in such an out-of-the-way place as this?"

Miss Esmayne blushed, half with embarrassment, half genuine pleasure, as the handsome young doctor's dark eyes confronted her on the narrow stairway.

"I need not ask what brings you here?" he said. "Doubtless a mission of charity. But your carriage waits. I will not detain you. I shall see you at Miss Buckingham's to-night."

So they exchanged adieux and parted. Lucy Lee looked up with an apprehensive air as the doctor entered.

"Is it about little Benny, sir?" she cried. "Is he worse?"

"My poor child," the doctor answered, pityingly. "You knew he could not get better. I would advise you to go to him at once."

"He is dying?" she gasped.

"Not quite that, let us hope. But in any event he cannot be long with you," replied the doctor.

Lucy had risen, and was tying on her bonnet with trembling fingers.

"Poor Benny," she murmured. "And to-morrow was his birthday."

Mechanically she turned to the japonica bush in the window.

"Gone!" she cried, with a gasp. "My beautiful flower is gone—the flower I raised and tended for Benny. Gone—and that woman has stolen it!"

"Was it a white japonica?" asked Dr. Edelin.

"I met Miss Esmayne on the staircase, just now, carrying one. Did you not give it to her?"

"She wanted to buy it of me," faltered Lucy, "but I told her I was keeping it for the poor dying child."

"She was angry with me, and when my back was turned, she must have meanly stolen it!"

"Oh, how could she—how could she? She has money enough to buy a room full of flowers, if she wished. I had only the one."

"Lucy," said the doctor, gently, "never mind the flower. It has gone now. Remember Benny."

"True, sir," said the poor lace-mender, with tears in her eyes. "I must hasten to Benny. It is a long walk, and he may be calling for me."

"My carriage is at the door," said Dr. Edelin.

"I will take you there before I go on to my other patients."

"Don't sob and cry so pitifully, Lucy. It was a mean and cruel thing for that rich girl to do, but she will reap her reward in Heaven's good time. Do not fear."

"Is it Aunt Lucy? Has she brought the pretty white flower she promised me?"

Lucy Lee's lips quivered as the dim eyes of the dying child turned towards her.

"No, Benny, dear, I have not brought it, but—"

"It has not opened yet? Never mind, aunty. I am going where there are many, many flowers. Only I could have liked to see that one. I dreamed of it last night."

"Mother, kiss me, and you, too, Aunt Lucy, for I think I'm going to sleep."

And so he gave His beloved sleep.

Miss Esmayne wore the white japonica in her hair at Miss Buckingham's ball.

But Dr. Edelin, the man she loved about all others, was not there to mark its effect.

He was at the bedside of Lucy Lee, who had broken down at last.

"It's very strange," soliloquized Dr. Edelin to himself. "I didn't think I cared so much about the little fragile thing. But if Lucy Lee dies, I shall have lost a sunbeam out of my life."

Lucy Lee did not die.

She recovered. And Dr. Edelin married her. And Helena Esmayne lost the lover to charm whose eyes she had stolen the white japonica.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

I stood beside the window, and looked out seaward. The night was fair and radiant. The horizon glittering like a line of silver in the moonlight. A few white sails showed dim and ghostly in the fair blue distance. The waves broken in deep and passionate murmurs on the white sands of the beach and dashed themselves into white spray against the rocks of the headland, looming grey and dismal in the moonlit fog that wrapped them in.

Down on the beach two persons paced up and down, followed, in the moonlight by two long and ghostly shadows.

I shuddered, wondering if there was not a shadow over their hearts.

I knew well enough who they were.

That woman in the white dress, which floated about her in cloud-like airiness, and whose hair was like a veil of yellow sunshine about her face, was the one woman in the world to me.

And the man with a tall and stately figure, full of youthful suppleness and grace, and the face, dark, handsome, passionate, was the man I hated most of all men.

He was the serpent in my Paradise.

A month ago he had come to Seaview, at my own invitation.

I had never seen him.

When we made out our list of invitations for the summer, Olive insisted on inviting Royal Dare.

I, who was always pleased to acquiesce in anything my wife proposed, willingly agreed to her proposition, and Royal Dare was asked to spend a few weeks with us.

"I suppose you knew that your wife and I were lovers once," he said, the morning after his arrival.

"No, I was not aware of any such thing," I said, coldly.

"Ah! She never told you? Strange!"

His dark, evil eyes were upon my face.

I felt them, though I did not look up.

"Yes," he went on, "we were lovers not so very long ago. I don't know exactly what came between us. The sight of your wife's face fans the old flame in my heart. I find I have not forgotten the old passion."

I did not answer.

"You won't be jealous, I hope, if I am with her a great deal?" he said, with a smile curling about his lips.

"You are a gentleman, I trust," I answered.

"I am not afraid to trust my wife with any gentleman."

"Ah!"

His tone was so insolent, that I wanted to knock him down.

I knew that he thought me a weak sort of a man, and had that sort of contempt for me that men of exuberant health and vitality sometimes have for those who are lacking his strength and health.

From the first he was much with Olive.

I thought I was sure of her love, and that no danger could come of their being much together.

I did not believe him to be base and cowardly enough to try to win my wife from her allegiance to me.

But, as the days wore on into weeks, I found I had erred in my judgment of the man.

As the days went by, I awoke to a terrible truth.

My wife was fascinated by his wiles; she was like a bird in the spell of the serpent.

Beneath his evil glance she was powerless to resist him.

I was too proud to seek to keep the love she should have given to me alone, when I found that she cared more for him than she had any right to.

I held myself aloof, saying that I wanted no love that could waver as hers had.

Sometimes I was half crazed with pain and trouble.

I did love her, for all I never sought to keep her heart faithful to me.

I had loved her from the first as I could never love another woman, and a love so deep and strong as mine could not be easily broken or thrust aside.

I questioned myself as to what to do.

I could only feel that the sunshine was slipping out of my life, and I was too proud to stretch out my hand and endeavor to keep it back.

As I stood there in the white radiance of the summer moonlight, the thought came to me that the end was not far off.

They came up the path slowly, his scintillant eyes upon her face, holding her entranced, spell-bound, fascinated.

They came into the parlor, and someone begged for music.

"Sing 'By the Orchard Stile,' he said to Olive. "We used to sing that together, you know. I haven't heard it since."

"If you will help me," she said, seating herself at the piano.

"I will try. I have not sung half a dozen times since that summer," he said, and took his place beside her.

It was a simple little song, but he put a world of pathos into it. As he sang, he let his eyes wander to Olive's face.

As if obeying some impulse that she could not resist, she lifted her eyes to his, and a swift wave of color drifted into her cheeks; and then she dropped her eyes to the keys again, and did not lift them till the song was done.

I cannot tell much about the next few hours. I remember fitful, feverish dreams through a long and weary night.

I remember the breaking daylight, cold, dreary, grey, and dismal.

I remember seeing a folded paper thrust inside my door, and on opening it, I read a few short words, but in them was a world of bitterness. Olive had gone away from me.

She had found out her mistake in marrying me when it was too late.

Had found out that she loved another more than she could ever hope to love me, and she was going away with him.

Perhaps it was wrong and sinful; but she acted from the impulse of the heart, and the world might judge her as it saw it.

Loving another, as she loved Royal Dare, life with me would be one long misery.

She asked me to forgive her, saying that she had nothing but kindness to remember of me, and that was all.

Only a few short words, but they were like a dirge over the beautiful hopes and dreams that were that moment lying dead at my feet.

I went about for hours in a kind of bewildered way, as one who gropes in darkness.

Henceforth the sun might shine for others, but never again for me.

For me there were only shadows in the years to be.

I wondered if they would be long and many. Long I knew they would be, with such a memory as was mine to drag through them.

The morning faded out in a grey radiance into the warm brightness of a sunny afternoon.

I sat alone, looking out to sea, when I heard wheels upon the avenue.

A carriage had stopped before the door, and two men were lifting out something long and slender, covered with a black cloth.

I started with a strange shudder running through my nerves.

What was it that the black cloth hid away beneath its dreary folds?

I went down, and met the men and their burden in the hall.

One of them handed me a paper, as they laid that awfully suggestive shape down.

I opened the paper and read:

"JOHN,—

"I am dying. God has saved me on the brink of an awful sin. I see it all now. Death is near by, and I can look at things as they are. Oh! my husband, I loved you. I can say it truly. With death so near how could I be false? The spell that Royal Dare threw over me is gone. I know now that I did not love him. I was fascinated, and his strong and evil will held me in his power. Standing by my side, when I am dead, say that you forgive, and I shall hear you."

Only a few short words, but, oh! so precious—so unspeakably sweet to me.

I folded back the cloth from my dead wife's face, and knelt beside her.

"Olive," I said, kissing her still lips, "I forgive you. Do you hear me?"

Was it fancy, or did a smile steal over her face, like moonlight over snow?

"I forgive you," I said, softly. "You are mine, all mine now. No one can come between us again, darling."

I thought that something whispered "never more."

Perhaps it was one of those foolish fancies of mine.

But this I do know, over there, Olive is waiting—mine?

THE LITTLE WHITE DOVE.

(A LEGEND OF THE KNISTENEUX.)

The "Foot of the Fawn," the most beautiful woman of the Knisteneux nation, and the beloved wife of the great chief, died at the birth of a daughter.

The body of the deceased mother, dressed in the best garments she possessed, was placed in the grave lined with pine branches.

While they were filling in the earth into her grave, and erecting over it the canopy to protect it from the rains and the winds, loud were the lamentations which filled the air.

The child was buried, according to the custom of the nation, by the side of the public foot-path, or highway.

It was many suns after the deceased of the beloved Fawn's Foot, that two doves, one of which was the size of a full-grown dove, and the other a very little one, were seen sitting upon a spray by the side of the warrior's lodge.

The people, who recollected the tradition of their fathers, that the souls of the good, after their entrance upon the land of never-ceasing happiness, were transformed into doves, immediately conjectured that they were the spirits of the mother and the child returned to the land of their bodies, on some errand yet to be learned.

"They have come! they have come! The Fawn's Foot and her child have returned from the Land of Souls," was shouted through the village.

"The beautiful Fawn's Foot and her child, that disdained to be born again, but clung to its first mother, have returned to visit us, and tell us the secrets of the land of departed souls. Now we shall hear from our fathers, mothers, children, sisters, brothers, lovers, and friends."

"We shall know if the soul of the Little Serpent, who was taken prisoner by the Copper-mines, and burnt at the stake, is yet subjected to the pinches and goadings of the bad spirits in the place of torment prepared for those who die the death of fire."

"We shall hear about the great dog which stands on the hither bank of the river over which all must pass who would enter on the land of spirits to guard it against the approach of those who break from their chain in the place of torment before the expiation is duly made, and attempt, with impure hands, to lay hold of the pleasures of the happy regions."

Thus they ran about the village, shouting and singing, until all the people were collected together, and then they moved in procession towards the tree upon which the doves were perched.

They found them—beautiful birds! but they were not birds, but souls changed into the form which betokens innocence and purity.

They found them, and long and earnestly did they gaze upon the tenderly-beloved beings they had formerly been, the pure souls they now were.

The happiness they enjoyed in their present state was in their eyes, which were mild and beautiful beyond power to tell.

And great appeared the love subsisting between them.

The little dovelet hopped on the back of its parent, who playfully pecked it in return, and often were the eyes of the child turned fondly on its mother, as if to thank her for the existence she had bestowed upon it, at the expense of her own life.

Glorious birds with soft eyes, and skyey plumage, never had aught so beautiful been seen in the land of the Knisteneaux.

At length the bereaved husband and father made his appearance, slowly and with eyes which would have shed tears, had they been other than those of a warrior.

No sooner was he in view, than the little wings of the doves were rapidly fanning the air towards him.

One, the lesser, and scarce larger than a fly, lighted on his hip, the larger crept to his bosom, as it was wont to do in life, and was fondly pressed to his heart, which loved the form it bore when living, and deeply cherished its memory, and hailed its return to the earth, in a new shape, with inconceivable delight.

Having nestled a while in his bosom, the soul of the good and beautiful Fawn's Foot perched upon his shoulder, and thus addressed the listening Knisteneaux:

"I am one of the souls of the Fawn's Foot, who died in the Moon of Buds, and the little dove at my side is the spirit of my child."

"It is an old tradition of our fathers, and will not therefore surprise you, that every person is gifted by the Great Master of Life with two souls."

"One of these souls, which is the breath, never leaves the body but to go into another, which nevertheless seldom happens, save those of children, which having enjoyed but little life, are allowed to begin a new one, and live out a second and more protracted term of existence."

"When the breath departs from the body, the other soul goes to the region which is appointed to be the everlasting abode of the Knisteneaux."

"It is situated very far towards the sitting sun, so far, that even those souls which are pardoned are many moons reaching it."

"Many dangers are to be encountered before the souls bound thither arrive."

"They first come to the place of torment, appointed for the souls of those who have been taken prisoners and burnt."

"They pass a river where many have been wrecked, and at length come to another, at the hither edge of which lies a dog of immense proportions, which attacks indiscriminately everyone that attempts to cross."

"The souls whose good deeds outweigh the bad are assisted by the Good Spirit to overcome the dog, while the bad, conquered by him in the conflict, are incessantly worried by him thereafter."

"The next place of danger and dread is the country where the spirits of the beasts, birds, fishes, etc.—all animate nature which is not man—is found."

"Here are the spirits of bears, and wolves, and snakes, all that is cruel, sanguinary, or hideous."

"And these are sure to give battle to the shades of the human beings, as they cross the lands and waters where they dwell."

"The punishment they inflict consists alone in the terror they excite, for the jaws, so thickly studded with teeth, are but a shadow, and the claws could only retain in their grasp a shade."

"The dwelling place of the souls of the brutes has its enjoyments and pleasures suited to their tastes."

"The snail that delights to crawl in slime will have full permission to do so; the tortoise, and the prairie dog, and the mole, may still creep into the earth if they choose, and the squirrel still suspended himself by his tail from the bough of the tree."

"If the bear choose to stick his claws, none

shall say him nay, and the neeshaw may bury himself as deep in the mud as he likes.

"At length the souls arrive at the region where they are destined to spread their tents for ever.

"I have heard from the lips of our fathers of its pleasures and its joys.

"Happiness and rest are for the good, misery and labor for the bad.

"Bright skies, eternal springs, and plenty of all things, reward him who did his duty well; continual storms, endless winter, parching thirst, pinching hunger, and crying nakedness, punish him who performed them ill.

"Men and women of my nation, forsake evil ways, and earn, by so doing, unbounded happiness.

"Hunter, dread not the bear, and be patient, and industrious! warrior, fear not thine enemy, and shouldst thou unhappily fall into his power, bear his torments as a warrior should bear them, and sing thy death song in the ears of his tribe.

"And thou, my beloved husband, persevere for a few more moons in the course which made thee the light of my eyes while living, and renders thee not less dear now I inhabit the world of spirits.

"Thou wilt soon rejoin the souls of thy wife and child in the land of unceasing delights.

"Till then, farewell."

Having spoken thus, the little doves flung out their skyey wings to catch the breath of the Great Spirit sent to waft them home, and were soon swept away from the sight of the Knisteneaux.

Not so their tale, which has resisted the current of time, and survives in the memories of all the nation.

THERE IS A SPELL.

There is a spell
That can repel
The aching thought—the sigh of sadness—
And to the heart
A charm impart
Of pensive, yet enchanting, gladness.

It is thy smile
Can thus beguile;
How blest for whom that smile is beaming.
I gaze in vain,
It is but pain
For me with which that smile is teeming.

Too sweet to last,
The dream is past
That erst my lonely hours was cheering;
And on my brow
Indifference now
Must reign, while Love my heart is searing.

But why complain?
'Twill not again
Give me the hopes I've lost for ever.
No, firmly prest
Upon my breast,
Content and I no more shall sever.

Farewell! farewell!
All tongue can tell
Of happiness, more bright each morrow,
Be ever thine,
Till Death shall twine
Thy wreath, unmixed with earthly sorrow.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

AN INTERESTING CITY.—In Cairo, Egypt, broad streets have been laid out, modern edifices have been erected, gas has been introduced, and shops make a display of goods similar to those of London and Paris. This however, is the appearance only in one part of the town. Turn into another section, and there is found a genuine Oriental city, with narrow lanes, where camels and donkeys dispute the way with foot passengers.

THE SACRED TREE.—The following story comes from the Gold Coast. When Sai Tooti, the founder of the Ashantee Empire, fixed upon Coomassie as his capital, he rested under a certain tree while his temporary palace was building. The tree so honored became sacred in Ashantee eyes, and was regarded with superstitious veneration. Last January, having long been decayed, it fell, and the circumstance was considered ominous. No one dared to touch it, and when Coomassie was taken, it was still lying across the street.

MACMAHON'S LETTERS.—It has been estimated that the average number of letters received daily at the Elysée, addressed to the President of the French Republic, amounts to 700, and may be classified as follows:—

Begging letters (money).....	250
Petitions having a political motive.....	150
Petitions of an exculpatory character.....	100
Complaints against various functionaries.....	100
Anonymous and insulting letters.....	80
Threats of assassination.....	20

Total..... 700

THROUGH MANY HANDS.—In viewing that tiny bit of steel called a needle, it is hard to realize that seventy pairs of hands are required to make it perfect. Seventy pairs of hands to make a needle! and each pair necessary to make the needle perfect. If only one pair re-

fused to do their part, the whole would be a failure. It is painstaking in little things and in small parts which leads to excellence and success. We are apt to slight bits of work; thinking it is of no account. The details of a plan must be faithfully carried out to make the plan a success. If the parts of a work are all well done, the whole will be complete, and only then.

LIONS.—Livingstone had the greatest possible contempt for lions. "You talk about the majesty of the lion," he said, chatting to Sir Edwin Landseer at a party in London; "but you do not know the beast. There is no more majesty about him in the forest than there is about that poodle. It is all poetry. Lions are arrant cowards—cowardly, sneaking beasts. You can hardly tell a lion from a donkey when you come upon him in the forest; and if you come upon a lion suddenly, the first impulse is to tuck his tail between his legs and bolt. He will spring upon you if he comes upon you unawares, and can have time to crouch; but if a man has the courage to look a lion in the face, you need not even cock your rifle."

WIDOWS.—St. Jerome mentions a widow that married her twenty-second husband, who in his turn had been married to twenty wives! There is an instance recorded in Bordeaux, in 1772, of a gentleman who had been married sixteen times. A woman named Elizabeth Nase, who died in Florence, in 1768, had been married to seven husbands. She was at the ripe age of seventy when last led to the hymeneal altar, and contrived to survive her "beloved." When on her deathbed, it is stated she recalled the good and bad points of each of her husbands, and having partially weighed in her mind the pros and cons, she determined that the fifth claimed the highest merit, and ordered her grave to be with his. In 1768 a redoubtable pair were living in Essex, who had been married eighty-one years; the husband being one hundred and seven years old, and his spouse only four years his junior.

WEDDING CEREMONIES.—Marriage is, in itself, generally a cause for congratulation to the persons most immediately interested, and therefore it is inferred that they should suffer cheerfully the small deduction from their satisfaction which is involved in making themselves a show to their acquaintances and to the public generally. As the world becomes more civilized, there is a tendency to diminish the quantity of ceremonial observed; the couple are allowed to seek refuge in flight, instead of being exposed to coarse conviviality customary in former times; speech making is rapidly dropping out of fashion, and it may be hoped that in time two human beings, performing the most solemn act of their lives, will be allowed to get through the business quietly and seriously, without being exposed to the impertinent intrusions of the outside world.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa. Africa signifies the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all kinds of grain. Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals, that the inhabitants petitioned Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy, a country of pitch; from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired; as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants. Hibernia, as utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, Phenicians, we are told, never extended their voyages. Britain, the country of tin, as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent island, the Greeks call Albion, which signifies in the Phenicians' tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

AMERICAN ADVICE AS TO FEMALE EDUCATION.—Give your girls a good substantial, common school education. Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals. Teach them how to wash and iron clothes. Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them to make shirts. Teach them to make bread. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and parlor. Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents. Teach them that the more they live within their income the more they will save. Teach them that the farther they live beyond their income the nearer they get to the poor-house. Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them to do the marketing for the family. Teach them that Nature made them, and that no amount of tight-lacing will improve the model. Teach them every day a hard, practical, common sense. Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men. Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then, at a suitable time, let them marry. Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends, in a great measure, the weal or woe of their after-life.

CONSTABLE AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The life of Archibald Constable has recalled many interesting events of Scottish literary history, besides those associated with Sir Walter Scott. Under his auspices the "Edinburgh Review" was published. The first number appeared on October 10th, 1802. "To appreciate the value of the 'Edinburgh Review,'" says Sydney Smith, "the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not eman-

cipated. The Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed. The Game Laws were horribly oppressive; steel traps and spring guns were set all over the country; prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel. Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind. Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonment. A thousand evils were in existence which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed, and those efforts have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the 'Edinburgh Review.'" The publication of this new organ of public opinion the projectors entrusted to Archibald Constable. He had already become known to them as "active, enterprising, and enlightened." He sympathized with their political opinions, and he "gratefully," his son tells us, "accepted the commercial conduct of the work, with all its pecuniary responsibilities."

A TRICK.—An audacious trick was lately played by a "sneak thief" at a London Club. He entered the hall without attracting the notice of the porter, and proceeded to empty the pockets of the greatcoats he found ranged in a corridor. While selecting a few of the best, he was interrupted by a member, who in astonishment asked him what he was doing. "Oh, this is my regular business," he said—"I am employed to clean the gentlemen's coats in several clubs. I take all the grease out of their collars." "Indeed!" said the gentleman, interested, thinking he had got hold of one he could turn to account. "How long do you take?" "Why, I will be back with these in an hour." "If so, you may as well take mine," said the master adding his coat to the heap, and escorting the "sneak thief" past the porter. "What great convenience you have in London!" remarked this country gentleman to a group of his friends. "I have just given my coat to a man I found in the corridor, who cleans coats for the Club." "To whom do you say?" cried two or three. "The man I found carrying the coats out. Wait—I have his card." But the knowing ones did not wait; they hurried out to find the pockets of some greatcoats empty, and other coats altogether gone.

PADUA.—Last year a young man was the victim of a joke played upon him by some of his friends, on the 1st day of April. This year remembering bitterly his April fish, he determined to avenge himself, and invited the same persons to sup with him at eight o'clock, promising them some game he had himself shot, and other delicacies. He arranged however with the proprietor of the trattoria where it was to be given, that the supper should be given at seven o'clock instead of eight. Meanwhile his friends had in their turn thought of something still better. They wrote a note to the restaurateur thus:—"Signor, the supper which was ordered for eight o'clock prepare for six o'clock not a moment later." This was sealed with the cypher of the young man, and sent by the same servant who had already carried the game to be cooked. Afterwards, the gentleman and the friends to be hoaxed were assembled in a café, laughing and joking. At half-past five the latter excused themselves, and went to the restaurant to supper. When the hour of seven arrived, the young man, quite contented, went to the same before his guests should appear. His feelings can be better imagined than described as the scene presented itself before him, and his only consolation was making them promise strict silence, which they did most faithfully, as is evident from this report of the proceedings.

OLD LETTERS.—Never burn kindly-written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after-years is like a resurrection to one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected, twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far-off land from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of that love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than an image of the features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them forgive and forget them.

CATS PROTECTING PROPERTY.—Cats have been frequently known to do their best to protect the property of their masters, as well as dogs. A man who was imprisoned for burglary in America stated after his conviction that he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman near Haarlem. While they were in the act of plundering it, a large black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added that he never saw a man so frightened in all his life; and that his alarm he made such an outcry that they had to beat a precipitate retreat to avoid detection. A lady in Liverpool had a favorite cat. She never returned home after a short absence without being joyfully received by it. One Sunday, however, on returning from church, she was surprised to find that pussy did not receive

her as usual, and its continued absence made her a little uneasy. The servants were all appealed to, but none could account for the circumstance. The lady therefore made a strict search for her feline friend, and descending to the lower story was surprised to hear her cries of "Puss" answered by the mewing of a cat, the sounds proceeding from the wine-cellar, which had been properly locked and the keys placed in safe custody. As the cat was in the parlor when the lady left for church, it was unnecessary to consult a "wise man" to ascertain that the servants had clandestine means of getting into the wine-cellar, and that they had forgotten when they themselves returned to request pussy also to withdraw. The contents of the cellar from that time did not disappear so quickly.

CHARLES DICKENS ON "THE TURF."—The veteran patron of horse-racing, Admiral Rous, in a recent letter to the "Times," says: "There is a black cloud on the horizon threatening destruction to the Turf." The very same figure of speech has been used by the gallant admiral on more than one occasion before. What his present foreboding is does not clearly appear in his rambling letter, which refers to a variety of questions connected with racing. But the following passage in the third volume of the "Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster, may explain something of the blackness that disgraces the Turf, and eventually will make horse-racing as discreditable a sport as cock-fighting, bull-baiting, or other "amusements" of olden times in England. In 1857, returning from a tour in Cumberland with Mr. Wilkie Collins, they came upon Doncaster, and "this was Dickens's first experience of the St. Leger and its Saturnalia." "The impressions received from the race-week were not favorable. It was noise and turmoil all day long, and a gathering of vagabonds from all parts of the racing earth. Every bad face that had ever caught wickedness from an innocent horse had its representative in the streets; and as Dickens, like Gulliver looking down upon his fellow-men after coming from the horse-country, looked down into Doncaster High Street from his inn-window, he seemed to see everywhere a then notorious personage who had just poisoned his betting companion. 'Everywhere I see the late Mr. Palmer with his betting-book in his hand. Mr. Palmer sits next me at the theatre; Mr. Palmer goes before me down the street; Mr. Palmer follows me into the chemist's shop, where I go to buy rose-water after breakfast, and says to the chemist, 'Give us soon sal volatile, or soon thing o' that soort, in wather—my head's bad!'" And I look at the back of his bad head, repeated in long, long lines on the racecourse, and in the betting-stand, and outside the betting-rooms in the town, and I vow that I can see nothing in it but cruelty, covetousness, calculation, insensibility, and low wickedness."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

FRIZZLED BEEF.—Into a pan put slices of dried beef, with just enough boiling water to cover them. Let them cook ten minutes, and drain off the water. If not fine enough, cut smaller. Return to the pan with a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and a little pepper. To a quarter of a pound of beef allow two eggs, beat well together, and when the beef is hot, stir in. Cook about three minutes, and send to table hot.

A QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—To one quart of milk add one pint of bread crumbs, one cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs well beaten, butter the size of an egg, and the grated rind of a lemon. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, adding a cup of white sugar and the juice of the lemon. When the pudding is baked, place over the top a thick layer of jelly, and spread over this the whites of the eggs. Return to the oven to brown slightly, and serve either hot or cold.

BEAN PORRIDGE.—Boil a fresh beef bone (I thing salt beef would answer if sufficiently freshened, though I never tried it,) in a large quantity of water, and use the meat for anything you choose. Let the liquor become cool, and remove all the grease. Boil a teacupful of beans in three quarts of this liquor until thoroughly soft and in pieces; add a little rice, the necessary amount of salt, and just before taking from the stove, a little thickening of some kind of meal. We use it about the thickness of gruel or gravies and add a little milk when we eat.

COOKING A HAM.—The ham must be good at the beginning—must have been well cured—ought to be a year old, but six months will answer. Soak in cold water all night; put in a pot of cold water, and bring just to a boil or simmer twenty minutes. Take it out, bake it a very little, and be sure to send to table hot. It should be carved by one who knows how to do it—that is to cut in slices, not thicker than a carpenter's shaving, or clipped like dried beef is done. If all things are done as directed, there is nothing in the wide world better than a ham.

APPLE SOUFFLE.—Boil some apples with very little water, plenty of lump sugar, and a few cloves or a little cinnamon, until you get a well-reduced marmalade, which you pass through a hair sieve. Mix a very little potato flour with a gill of milk; stir it over the fire until it thickens; add the yolks of four eggs, and as much apple marmalade as will make a mixture of the proper consistency; work it well so as to get it of a uniform smoothness, then add the whites

of six eggs whisked to a stiff froth; mix them in quickly with the rest, pour into a plain mould, and put into the oven at once. It will take twenty minutes to cook.

PEACH JELLY.—For a table ornament nothing is more elegant. Dissolve in sufficient water one ounce of isinglass; strain it; halve one dozen large peaches, and pare them; make a sirup of one pound of fruit sugar and half a pint of water. Into this put the peaches and kernels; boil gently fifteen minutes, then place the fruit on a plate, and cook the sirup ten minutes longer; add to it the juice of three lemons, and the isinglass. A pyramid mould is very pretty for this. Fill part full of jelly, and when set, put in one quarter of the peaches. Place on ice, and let it harden; add more jelly, harden, etc., until full. Let the base of the mould be jelly.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Boiled or steamed potatoes left from the dinner may be prepared à la Lyonnaise for the next day's breakfast. The potatoes are peeled and sliced; then peel and slice one or more onions, which put into a frying-pan with butter; fry until the onions are turning yellowish, when you add the slices of potatoes. Keep tossing now and then until the potatoes are fried and somewhat yellow. Salt to taste, and serve warm.

Persons who do not like onions may make potatoes sautées. Put butter in a frying-pan, and when melted, turn the slices of potatoes in, toss now and then as above, and serve warm.

CHEAP AND GOOD BOILED PASTRY.—An excellent substitute for the common sort of boiled pastry dumplings and rolls is made thus: Take three pints of sifted flour, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a pinch of soda; pour upon these boiling-hot water, stirring all the time, until it becomes a dough just stiff enough to roll, and to roll thin. Some sweetened stewed fruit having been previously prepared, proceed just as you do with other pastry. It is important that the whole process be expeditiously managed. A pot of water should be already boiling, into which to put the roll. Allow only half an hour for the boiling. Besides economy, the end to be subserved by this recipe is to furnish with a dessert delicate persons and children who could not digest richer food.

A NEW SALAD.—A correspondent of the *Garden* writes:—I think I discovered something new in the way of salads the other day, and if not new something very agreeable. Enjoying a *salade de légumes* the other morning, it occurred to me that cold baked tomatoes and cold vegetable marrows would go very well together. I accordingly tried, and mixed good cold baked tomatoes, not too much done, with the skins off, and some good-sized vegetable marrows, adding some Tarragon vinegar. The result was a peculiar and most delicious salad. Garnished with some of the trifling vegetable accompaniments, which a good maker of salads knows how to use, it might be improved, but I could desire nothing more delicious in the way of a salad during the warm days of summer and early autumn.

HOW TO COOK FRESH FISH.—After fresh fish have been dressed well and washed, roll them in Indian meal, (after being sifted of course,) put them into a hot spider where there has been a large spoonful or two of lard melted. Sprinkle over some salt, then put the spider into the well heated oven and let them crisp over. Take them from the oven, lay them on a deep plate, turn all the fat out of the spider; (it will only be found fit for soap grease). Now put one quarter of a pound of butter in the spider, put it over the fire, and when it is all melted, add one half tea cup of strong vinegar to the melted butter, stir quickly, and pour it over the fish and serve immediately. I find but very few people but what think this method of cooking fresh fish, is very superior to the more common way of cooking it without adding the vinegar gravy.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

SULPHURIC acid is said to dissolve silver chloride, in some cases decomposing a portion of it.

The combustion of one pound of coal in one minute is productive of a force equal to the work of three hundred horses during the same time.

A MEDICAL writer, in a recent work on longevity, places the period of decadence of bodily and mental powers at sixty-three years of age, the grand climacteric of ancient writers.

To take stains out of mattresses, apply a paste of soft soap and starch over the spots, and wash it in with a damp sponge; if not clean at first, put on another paste, and repeat this until the spots disappear.

MILDEW FROM LINEN.—Mix soft soap with starch powdered, half the quantity of salt, and a piece of a lemon, and lay it on both sides with a painter's brush. Let it be in the open air—on grass is preferable, till stain is removed.

CEMENT.—To half a pint of vinegar add the same quantity of milk; take the curd out, and mix the whey with the whites of five eggs; beat it well together, and sift into a thick paste. Broken vessels mended with this cement never separate, for it resists both fire and water.

A VERY simple means of filtering at an elevated temperature has been devised by Doctor Horvath. A soft leaden tube is wound in a spiral round a funnel, one end of it being con-

nected with a flask of water kept boiling; the steam current maintains the spiral at a high temperature.

A WATER-PROOF paper, transparent, and impervious to grease is obtained by soaking good paper in an aqueous solution of shellac in borax. It resembles parchment paper in some respects; if the aqueous solution is colored with aniline colors, very handsome paper, of use for artificial flowers, is procured.

DANDRUFF.—Some one asks what will remove and prevent dandruff from coming in a lady's head. A friend of mine says she takes a little borax added to a pint of rain water, and washes her head occasionally with it. I often add a little borax or cooking soda to the rain water when I wash my hair brushes. It cleanses them nicely.

TO MAKE HAIR CURL.—The method employed by professional workers in hair is as follows: Wet the hair to be curled, wrap it smoothly around a cylindrical stick or tube of proper size, tie it in place, then put it in water and boil it two or three hours, remove it from the boiler, wrap it carefully in newspaper and bake it in a moderate oven for an hour. Thus treated, it will stay in curl permanently.

SAGE TEA.—Take of dried leaves of sage one-half ounce; boiling water, one quart. Infuse for half an hour, and then strain. Sugar and lemon juice may be added in the proportion required by the patient. In the same manner may be made balm and other teas. These infusions form very agreeable and useful drinks in fever, and their diaphoretic powers may be increased by the addition of the sweet spirits of nitre or antimonial wine.

The *Manual of Scientific Enquiry* gives a formula for preserving anemones after death. Take bay salt, 4 oz.; alum, 2 oz.; corrosive sublimate, 2 grs.; rain or distilled water, 1 quart. Place the actinia in sea-water until fully expanded, then add the solution slowly and quietly, when the animal will be killed and fixed in the expanded state. It should then be transferred to a bottle containing fresh solution.

PROFESSOR W. STEIN says red dyes must neither color soap and water nor lime water, nor must they themselves become yellow after boiling. Yellow dyes must stand being boiled with alcohol and lime water. Blue dyes must not color alcohol reddish, nor must they decompose on boiling with hydrochloric acid. Orange dyes must color neither water nor alcohol in boiling; green neither alcohol nor hydrochloric acid. Brown dyes must not lose their color on standing with alcohol or on boiling with water.

MOST housekeepers have felt the need of a receipt for mending knives, or rather for fastening knives and forks to their handles. The following mixture is recommended for this purpose in the *Scientific American*: Mix together one pound of rosin and eight ounces of sulphur, and keep it either in bars or reduced to powder with half a part of iron filings, fine sand or brickdust, and the cavity of the handle is to be filled with this mixture. Heat the stem of the knife or fork and insert it hot, and when cold it will be found tight.

LIME WATER FOR WASP STINGS.—Dr. Danderve writes to a French journal that some time ago he was stung on the head and face by a number of wasps. The pain was great, and he had no ammonia at hand, nor was there a druggist near by. Recollecting the fact that lime water was good for burns, it occurred to him to try it for the relief of the burning sensation produced by the stings. It answered the purpose perfectly, and he has since advised its use in some twenty cases of wasp stings, and it has always caused an instant cessation of the pain. The remedy is a simple one, and worth "making a note of."

At this season of the year it is important for all housekeepers to be on their guard against the insidious attempts of the various species of ants and the detestable cockroaches to invade the kitchen and pantries or store rooms. Sprigs of wintergreen will make the small red ants leave their cherished haunts. Borax powdered and put into the crevices where cockroaches abide will finally cause them to disappear, but we have found concentrated lye melted into a sort of paste and applied with a knife a more expeditious mode of destroying these noxious insects. Scalding alum water is also certain death to cockroaches.

FILTRATION.—Professor Charles A. Seeley has invented a new method of filtration. At the bottom of an open glass tube, say an inch in diameter, he places a piece of filtering paper, and over this a piece of India muslin, which is secured around the tube by a rubber ring. The tube is filled with the liquid to be filtered and is closed at the top with a rubber stopper through which runs a piece of rubber piping. The tube is connected with two bottles so arranged that the water in the upper one flows down into the lower one, forcing out the air, which in turn runs through the rubber pipe, forcing out the liquid through the filtering material. The arrangement is exceedingly ingenious, and by this means a liquid may be filtered in one-fourth of the time which the operation takes by the old method.

A PROMINENT oculist says that the contagious Egyptian or granular inflammation of the eyes is spreading rapidly throughout the country, and adds, "I have in many and I may say in the majority of cases been able to trace the disease to the use of the so-called rolling-towels. Such towels are generally found in our country hotels and the sleeping apartments of the working

classes, and, being thus used by nearly every one, are made the carriers of one of the most dangerous and, as regards its symptoms, most troublesome diseases of the eye. I therefore would strongly recommend that the use of the rolling-towel be abolished, for thereby we will discard one of the great instruments for the spread of such a dangerous disease of the eye, by which thousands of working men are annually deprived of their means of support."

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

TICHBORNE TRANSLATED.—"La Causa Ticciborni" is announced by a musical contemporary as the title of a forthcoming opera at Naples.

"I AM SPEAKING," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity."—"Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer, your audience will be here."

A DUTCH Congressman remarked:—"Ven I was elected, I thought I would find dem all Solomons down here; but I found dere was some as pig fools here as minself."

A LITTLE BOY at a concert, when a favorite singer was called back, rather took the starch out of things by crying out, "What's the matter, mother? Are they angry 'cause she squalled so?"

TIT FOR TAT.—"Pat," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped! They are much too long for a man."—"And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened; they are too short for an ass."

NATURE'S RAIMENT.—That was a graphic bit of description by a Western man, who, looking out upon the country the morning after a snow-storm, said it appeared as if Nature had put on a clean shirt.

LOVE'S RESPONSE.—I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if, when I was far away, she'd drop for me a tear. I paused for some cheering word my throbbing heart to cool, and with her rosy lips she said: "Oh, Will, you're such a fool!"

RAISING THE WIND.—"You musicians ought to be happy fellows," said a wit to a bandmaster.—"Why?" said the leader—"Because you need never want for money; for when your funds run short, you have only to put your instrument to your lips, and 'raise the wind.'"

TO THOSE WHO WISH TO MARRY.—"Never marry for wealth," says an American contemporary, "but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a mansard roof and a silver-plated door-bell as one who hasn't anything but an auburn head and an amiable disposition."

A NEW FLAVOR FOR PUNCH.—An Irishman in want of a lemon was observed one evening slicing a potato into his hot whiskey toddy. "Why, what are you about?" inquired a friend. "It's punch I'm makin', my boy," quietly replied Pat. "But what are you slicing the potato into it for?" "To give it a flavor!" "What! A potato flavor?" "Sure and isn't a flavor a flavor, whether it's lemon or pitaty?"

THE FLOUNDER.—Theodore Hook was at a musical party, at which a certain young lady attempted to sing a very difficult song, which she gave with exaggerated feeling and a great many blunders.—"Don't you adore her singing?" asked a gushing old lady who sat next to Hook. "It is so full of soul."—"Well, madam, for my part," answered the wit, "I think there seems more of the flounder than the sole about it."

A STUDENT OF MILTON.—It is told of a certain Glasgow baillie that, when visiting Paris, as one of a deputation from Glasgow to Louis-Philippe, the king said to him, when showing the party through his library, where he had many of the English classics, "You will know Milton very well?" "Oh, bless you, yes," said the baillie, cheerfully, delighted that something had been mentioned that he did know. "Yes, your Majesty, I know. Milton [he meant a suburb of Glasgow] very well; we're just building slaughter-houses there!"

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.—At a fashionable dinner-party the guests had just seated themselves at table, and were rapidly helping themselves to the oysters, plates containing a dozen of which had been placed between every two persons, when the hostess began to talk to the gentleman next to her of his sons, one of whom he had recently lost through an accident. "You still have six left, however," she said, in a voice of condolence. "Yes," replied the gentleman, with an exquisite smile, thinking that the oysters were referred to; "but four belong to my neighbor."

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.—According to a Cologne newspaper, there is in that city a booth in which is exhibited "a bearded lady." At the entrance is stationed a girl to take the money. Recently a visitor, having feasted his eyes on the strange phenomenon, thinking, on his departure, to have a joke with the little money-taker, said to her, fondling her under the chin the while, "Well, little one, I suppose the bearded woman is your mamma, eh?" "No, sir," replied the child—"she is my papa."

AN ANECDOTE OF WIGFALL.—Wigfall, the ex-senator from Texas who recently died had considerable humor in him, and altogether he was not a bad sort of man. A pretty good story is told of him. The incident occurred about the

time of the collapse of the Confederacy, and the ex-senator was crossing the Mississippi to make his way into Mexico. He assumed the character of an ultra-Union man. On the ferry-boat with him was a Federal soldier. He got into conversation, and the soldier told him that if he could fall in with Wigfall he'd hang him to the next tree they met. "Yes," vehemently remarked Wigfall, "and I too would be pulling at one end."

OPIUM-EATING.

The opium-eater will have to take opium all his life. Further struggle is suicide. Death will probably occur at any rate, not from an attack of what we usually consider disease, but from the disintegrated effects on the tissues of the habit itself. So, whatever he may do, his organs march to death. He will have to continue the habit which kills him only because abandoning it kills him sooner; for self-murder has dropped out of the purview of moral faculties, and becomes a mere animal question of time. The only way left to preserve his intellectual faculties intact, is to keep his future daily dose at the tolerable minimum. Henceforth all his dreams of entire liberty must be relegated to the world to come. He may be valuable as a monitor, but in the executive use of this mighty modern world henceforth he can never share. Could the immortal soul find itself in a more intricate, a more grisly, complication?

Opium-eaters enjoy a strange immunity from other diseases. They are not liable to be attacked by miasma in malarious countries, epidemics or contagions where they exist. They almost survive to die of their opium itself. And an opium death is usually in one of these two manners. The opium-eater either dies in collapse through nervous exhaustion (with blood poisoning and delirium), sometimes after an over dose, but oftener seeming to occur spontaneously; or in the midst of physical or mental agony as great and irremediable as men suffer in hopeful abandonment of the drug, and with a colliquative diarrhoea, by which—in a continual fiery, acrid discharge—the system relieves itself of matters which have been accumulating for years.

Opium is a corrosion and paralysis of all the noblest forms of life. The man who voluntarily addicts himself to it would commit, in cutting his throat, a suicide only swifter and less ignoble.

LOVE AND BE HAPPY.—It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household the happiness must also exist; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come.

GENUINE COMPLIMENT.—A sailor was sent by his captain to carry a letter to a lady. The sailor, having delivered the missive, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the face of the lady, for she was very beautiful.—"Well, my good man," she said, "for what do you wait? There is no answer to be returned."—"Lady," the sailor returned, with humble deference, "I would like to know your name."—"Did you not see it on this letter?"—"Pardon, lady—I never learned to read. Mine has been a hard, rough life."—"And for what reason, my good man, would you know my name?"—"Because," answered the old tar, looking honestly up, "in a storm at sea, with danger of death afore me, I would like to call the name of the brightest thing I'd ever seen in life. There'd be sunshine in it, even in the thick darkness."

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SHARP PRACTICE.

Limb of the Law. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR? YOU SAID DISTINCTLY, WHEN I ASKED YOU THE PRICE OF YOUR DUCKS, THEY WERE ANY PRICE I LIKED. WELL, HALF-A-CROWN A PAIR'S THE PRICE I LIKE, AND THERE'S THE MONEY; AND THEY'RE LEGALLY MINE, AS YOU'LL FIND TO YOUR COST IF YOU'RE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO SUMMON ME. (Puts Ducks into Bag, and walks off, leaving Worthy Tradesman dumfounded.)



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE," ETC.

(Only it did not answer this time.)

Magistrate (to Prisoner, accused of Beating his Wife). HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY IN ANSWER TO THIS CHARGE?

Prisoner. I'D LIKE TO ASK YOUR WORSHIP IF YOU'RE A MARRIED MAN YOURSELF?

Magistrate. YES, I AM, SIR, IF YOU MUST KNOW.

Prisoner. THEN I NEEDN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD.

[He got Six Months, though, for all that, poor fellow.]



'T'WAS EVER THUS.

Letter No. 1.—MY DEAR SAMUEL,—I am so dreadfully sorry I cannot come with you and your dear sister to the Lecture on Fossilifications, this evening at the Anticonformists. I have such an awful sore throat, and they talk of putting on some horrid leeches. P.S.—Do not call, either of you, mamma is so fidgety. I will send a telegram to say how I am, the very first thing to-morrow morning.

Letter No. 2 (posted at the same time, but not to Samuel). Unkind Monster,—Mamma takes me to Covent Garden—to-night—Box 36. Dare to come and speak to us at your peril. Mother says you mustn't.



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

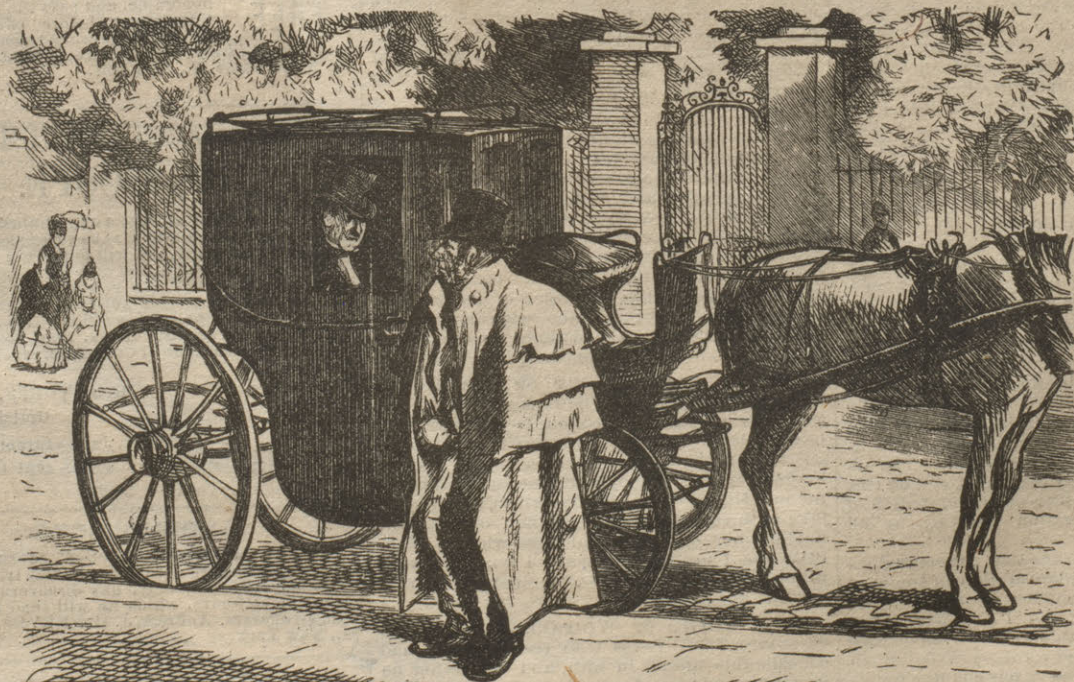
Scotch Lady (who has taken a House in the Highlands, her Servants suddenly giving "warning"). "WHAT'S THE REASON OF THIS? HAVE YOU NOT ALL YOU WANT!—GOOD ROOMS, AND GOOD FRESH AIR AND FOOD, AND EASY WORK?"

Spokeswoman. "YES, MEM—BUT—BUT THERE'S NO A DECENT LAAD WITHIN CRY O' US!"



"TO MEMORY DEAR."

Enthusiastic Cricketer. "AH, LAST SEASON WAS A GOOD ONE! I'D BOTH EYES BLACKED IN ONE MATCH, AND TWO FINGERS SMASHED IN THE RETURN MATCH THE SAME WEEK! BUT GIVE ME 1870 OVER AGAIN. I GOT THE BALL ON MY FOREHEAD AT 'SHORT LEG,' AND WAS SENSELESS FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR!"



OVERSTOCKED.

Caddy (to inquiring Fare, whose Friend is making a call). "OH, BUSINESS IS WEERY BAD, SIR. FACT IS, THERE'S TOO MANY CABS A'READY; AND THEY KEEPS ON A LICKERING OF US AS IF WE WAS SO MANY GIN-PALACES!"



A TRUE FRIEND.

Humble Host. "I SUPPOSE YOU FIND SWELL SOCIETY VERY DELIGHTFUL, DON'T YOU, TOPSAWYER?"

Gorgeous Guest. "I BELIEVE YER, MY BOY! WHY, LAST NIGHT AT DINNER, NOW, THERE WAS I WITH A BARONET'S LADY ON ONE SIDE, AND A DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS ON THE OTHER, AND A LORD ALFRED SITTING JUST OPPOSITE, AND EVERYTHING ELSE TO MATCH! BUT, LOR' BLESS YOU, I'M QUITE CONTENT TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, DEAR OLD BOY, AND DRINK YOUR HALF-CROWN SHERRY!"